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COMMENT OF THE DAY

STALEMATE

MR Andrei Gromyko, the Soviet Union Foreign Minister, has apparently closed virtually all doors to disarmament, judging by the tenor of his speech in the United Nations Political Committee meeting. The force of the attack against the Western nations was somewhat surprising in view of the rather mild speech the Foreign Minister made three weeks ago in the General Assembly. Mr. Cabot Lodge, the United States permanent representative, commented that the Russians were entitled to credit for having shown a spirit of accommodation, at least at the early stages of the disarmament talks held in London this year. Mr. Lodge was also prompted to suggest that there was no necessity to give way to despair about reaching agreement despite the Soviet Union's initial rejection of the Western plan advanced in August. But now Mr. Gromyko has labelled the Western position as "impossible." That being the case there is little possibility of even making the plan a basis for agreement.

IGNORED

THE Gromyko speech has apparently been ignored by the West—or at least it is not regarded as Russia's final answer to the disarmament problem. Today's cables show that the United States, backed by 21 other countries, has called for a General Assembly endorsement of a plan based on Western proposals. Russia may well wait to see what reaction it receives in the Assembly before making counter proposals. It is difficult to see a way out of the present impasse, however. For despite the United States decision to go ahead with its plan the Western side has made it clear that any further advance must come from the Soviet Union and Mr. Gromyko's speech must be seen as compounding a stalemate and this will be difficult to overcome. At this juncture the West and the Soviet Union might be well advised to seek a compromise through consultations with Mr. V. K. Krishna Menon and the Mexican Foreign Minister, Mr. Luis Padilla Nervo, both of whom have spent considerable time discussing disarmament with Western and Soviet diplomats.

WESTERN DISARMAMENT PLAN

Proposal Submitted To United Nations

New York, Oct. 11.

The Big Three Western powers and Canada, backed by 18 other states, today called for United Nations endorsement of their London disarmament proposals, including a technical study of ways to prevent outer space missiles becoming war weapons.

RIOT IN EOKA PRISON

Nicosia, Oct. 11.

One Eoka (Cypriot terrorist organisation) detainee was seriously wounded by gunfire and two other detainees and a policeman were slightly injured in a riot among the 700 prisoners in the Pyla prison camp, it was officially announced today.

The official announcement said that "a few shots were fired" when troops and police reinforced the guards in the rioting prison wards. The four injured men were sent to hospital. The detainees, who were all Eoka suspects arrested under emergency regulations, rioted after the official refusal to allow a village priest to attend his son's funeral in the village of Kato Amariodos today.

FOUND DEAD

The priest's son, Elogoras Papachristoforou, reported to be an Eoka gunman, was found dead in the mountains after the surrender of Eoka leader Michael Ashiotis. The priest was arrested last February as an Eoka suspect. A second Greek Cypriot Eoka terrorist has surrendered to security forces, it was announced today. He gave his name as Varnavakis Papadopoulos, aged 30, and said he had decided to surrender after reading in newspapers of the surrender yesterday of Michael Ashiotis, another local leader.

Papadopoulos walked into the police station at Peristerona some 15 miles west of Cyprus to surrender. He said he was the group leader of the village of Peristerona.—France-Press.

The 22 countries, representing all continents, tabled in the General Assembly's Political Committee a draft resolution based entirely on the Western plan advanced on August 29 and rejected by the Soviet Union. Mr. Andrei Gromyko, Soviet Foreign Minister, repeated this rejection in the Committee yesterday, saying the proposals could "in no way serve as a basis for agreement."

World Opinion

But authoritative sources said today they still hoped this was not the Soviet Union's last word.

They observed that General Assembly endorsement would only enervate the force of world moral opinion. Even so, they felt that the Soviet Union "might take notice." The draft would have the Assembly emphasise "the urgency of decreasing the danger of war and improving the prospects of a durable peace through an international agreement on reduction of armaments and armed forces." The text of the resolution is as follows:

The Text

"The General Assembly... Emphasising the urgency of decreasing the danger of war and improving the prospects of a durable peace through an international agreement on reduction, limitation and open inspection of armaments and armed forces... Welcoming the narrowing of differences which has resulted from the extensive negotiations in the subcommittee of the Disarmament Commission... Believing that immediate, carefully measured steps can be taken for partial measures of disarmament, and that such will facilitate further measures of disarmament;... Urges that the States concerned and particularly those on the subcommittee of the Disarmament Commission will give priority to reaching a disarmament agreement which, upon its entry into force, will provide for the following:

- ★ 1. The immediate suspension of testing of nuclear weapons, with prompt installation of effective international control, including inspection posts equipped with appropriate scientific instruments located within the territories of the United States, the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, the United Kingdom, Pacific Ocean areas, and other points as requested;
- ★ 2. The cessation of production of fissionable materials for weapons purposes, and the complete devotion of future production of fissionable materials to non-weapons purposes under effective international control;
- ★ 3. The reduction of stocks of nuclear weapons through a programme of transfer, on an equitable and reciprocal basis and under international supervision, of stocks of fissionable material from weapons to non-weapons uses;
- ★ 4. Reduction of armed forces and armaments through adequate safeguarded arrangements;
- ★ 5. The progressive establishment of open inspection with ground and aerial components to guard against the possibility of surprise attack;
- ★ 6. Joint study of an inspection system designed to ensure that the ending of objects through outer space will be exclusively for peaceful and scientific purposes;
- ★ Requests the Disarmament Commission to reconvene its subcommittee as soon as feasible for this purpose;
- ★ Requests the subcommittee to report to the Disarmament Commission by April 30, 1958 on the progress achieved.

Reduction

- ★ 3. The reduction of stocks of nuclear weapons through a programme of transfer, on an equitable and reciprocal basis and under international supervision, of stocks of fissionable material from weapons to non-weapons uses;
- ★ 4. Reduction of armed forces and armaments through adequate safeguarded arrangements;
- ★ 5. The progressive establishment of open inspection with ground and aerial components to guard against the possibility of surprise attack;
- ★ 6. Joint study of an inspection system designed to ensure that the ending of objects through outer space will be exclusively for peaceful and scientific purposes;
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Sponsors

The sponsors of the resolution are: Argentina, Australia, Brazil, Canada, Ecuador, Colombia, Cuba, Dominican Republic, France, Honduras, Italy, Liberia, Laos, Netherlands, Nicaragua, Paraguay, Panama, Peru, Tunisia, United Kingdom and United States. It was announced later that Chile had joined the sponsors, bringing their total to 22.—Reuter.

INDIAN ACCUSED OF MURDER

London, Oct. 11. An Indian labourer, Darghan Singh, 29, living in Leicester, was at Leicester today committed for trial at the Assizes, accused of the murder of Mrs Joyce Stanton, about 30, also of Leicester. He pleaded not guilty and reserved his defence. Mr M. D. Hutchinson, prosecuting, said the body was found strangled in a local park on September 18. It had obviously been carried there. Singh was the father of her two children.

"He said that he had not seen the woman for three weeks but several witnesses will say they saw him with her up to the time when she might have been strangled," he added.—France-Press.

French Crisis

Pinay Agrees To Try

Paris, Oct. 11.

Antoine Pinay, a conservative businessman and one-time Premier, agreed tonight to try to give crisis-ridden France a new government.

M. Pinay, 68, was the third ex-Premier to agree to try to form a new Cabinet since the French Government crisis opened 11 days ago with the downfall of Premier Maurice Bourges-Maunoury.

The two who tried before him were M. Rene Pleven, 66, head of the small but influential Resistance (UDSR) Party and former Premier M. Guy Mollet, a Socialist.

M. Pinay, who won fame as Premier in 1952 as the "Man who saved the franc" is leader of the powerful and conservative Independents and Progressives for Social Action (IPAS) Party. President Rene Coty picked M. Pinay today shortly after the powerful Communist Party moved to cash in on the Government crisis.

The Communists, with the largest bloc of votes in the National Assembly (149), offered to co-operate with any political party that would negotiate a peace with the "highly rebellious" United Press.

Weather For Today

The weatherman forecast that there will be moderate to fresh gusty easterly winds blowing today. The weather will be cloudy with patches of light rain at first.

The Royal Observatory said that at 3 a.m. today, the tropical storm Irma was centred within 120 miles of 15.4 N and 110.3 E and was probably moving WNW at seven knots. Information about the storm is scanty. However, the Chinese meteorological research institute in Peking forecasts that a typhoon of minor force is expected to hit central Vietnam tonight (Saturday).

The forecast, which was announced by the New China News Agency on Friday night, was quoted by Reuter and France-Press dated October 11 from London and Paris respectively.

Long Clue

Lexington, Oct. 11. Sheriff Homer Lee Cox solved his case after he found a clue 1,000 feet long and followed it.

The clue was a rubber hose that supplied water for a moonshine still.—United Press.

CURTAIN CALL

On Monday, the China Mail begins another new series, to be published twice weekly for the next five weeks.

Drama critic, John Luff has written on the theatre as it was in London 40 and 50 years. This series has been compiled from many private sources and brings a fresh and revealing insight into the people who made the theatre in those days.

There are critics, playwrights—among them the great names like Shaw, Ibsen, Wilde—and actors and actresses.

There were controversies and disputes, high-class and low-class plays... all these are brought to life by this popular China Mail contributor in a series called CURTAIN CALL.

Don't miss the first instalment on Monday's page eight.

Suhrawardy's Resignation Caused No Surprise

London, Oct. 11.

The resignation of Mr Hussain Suhrawardy, Pakistan's Prime Minister, caused little surprise in London political circles where the internal difficulties with which the outgoing Premier had to cope have been well known and appreciated for a long time.

The fact that Mr Suhrawardy's resignation was not due to divergences on matters of foreign policy is being emphasised here. Whoever may take over from him, critics close to Whitehall believe, Suhrawardy's foreign policy is not likely to undergo any important changes. The emphasis will still be on firm support for the Baghdad pact and Sato.

SCPTICISM

Local Indian comment that Mr Suhrawardy's resignation was brought about by "strong opposition in Karachi to his Kashmir policy" is received here with considerable scepticism.

An eventual return to power of Mr Mohamed Ali, Mr Suhrawardy's predecessor at the Premiership, is not considered as altogether excluded, nor would it be viewed with disfavour. Both Mr Ali and Mr Suhrawardy are known to be staunch supporters of the Commonwealth as well as of Western anti-Communist system of defence, it is added.—France-Press.

Australian Trooper Collision Was Near Disaster

Singapore, Oct. 11.

Australian eye-witnesses said today sheets of flame roared up from the sea after their troopship New Australia was involved in a collision with the Norwegian tanker France Stove near Thursday Island, North Australia at 8 p.m. on September 29.

While mothers searched for their children aboard the troopship after the first shuddering impact, flames began to lap the sides of the tanker, the soldiers and their wives said. A spokesman for the troops and the ship's crew said the collision could have been a disaster.

Prayed

They praised the Australian women who prayed as they held their children bravely while waiting for the order to board lifeboats—an order it was not necessary to give.

Officers said there was no panic as people went to their stations and followed boat drill. Many persons at that time thought the tanker was going to burst into flames. They were later told that oil floating on the sea had been ignited by the friction in the collision.—Reuter.

New Soviet Aircraft Due

Genoa, Oct. 11.

A new Russian turbo-jet airliner, designed to carry 100 passengers at a cruising speed of about 400 miles an hour, will be in service in Russia by the end of this year, Mr Ivan Afanasiev, Deputy Minister of the Soviet Merchant Marine, said here today.

He told a meeting of the International Congress on Communications that a ticket on the new airliner, which will supplement the TU-104 jet already in service, would cost the same as a second class railway ticket. Mr Clarence Moss, President of the United States Federal Maritime Office, told the meeting that experts from foreign countries would be offered a chance to study at sea the operation of America's first atomic merchant vessel, due to be launched by the end of 1959. The 21,800-ton ship would be a "floating laboratory" with a cruising speed of 20 knots. It would carry 60 passengers and a crew of 130.—Reuter.

SATELLITE OVER CHINA

London, Oct. 11.

The Soviet artificial satellite was seen travelling from south-west and sweeping through the zenith over the sky of China's lake city of Hangchow at 2100 hours (local time) tonight.

In reporting this, the New China News Agency said the satellite emitted a dim light of orange colour during its flight. It looked different from a shooting star because it left no trail in its wake.—Reuter.

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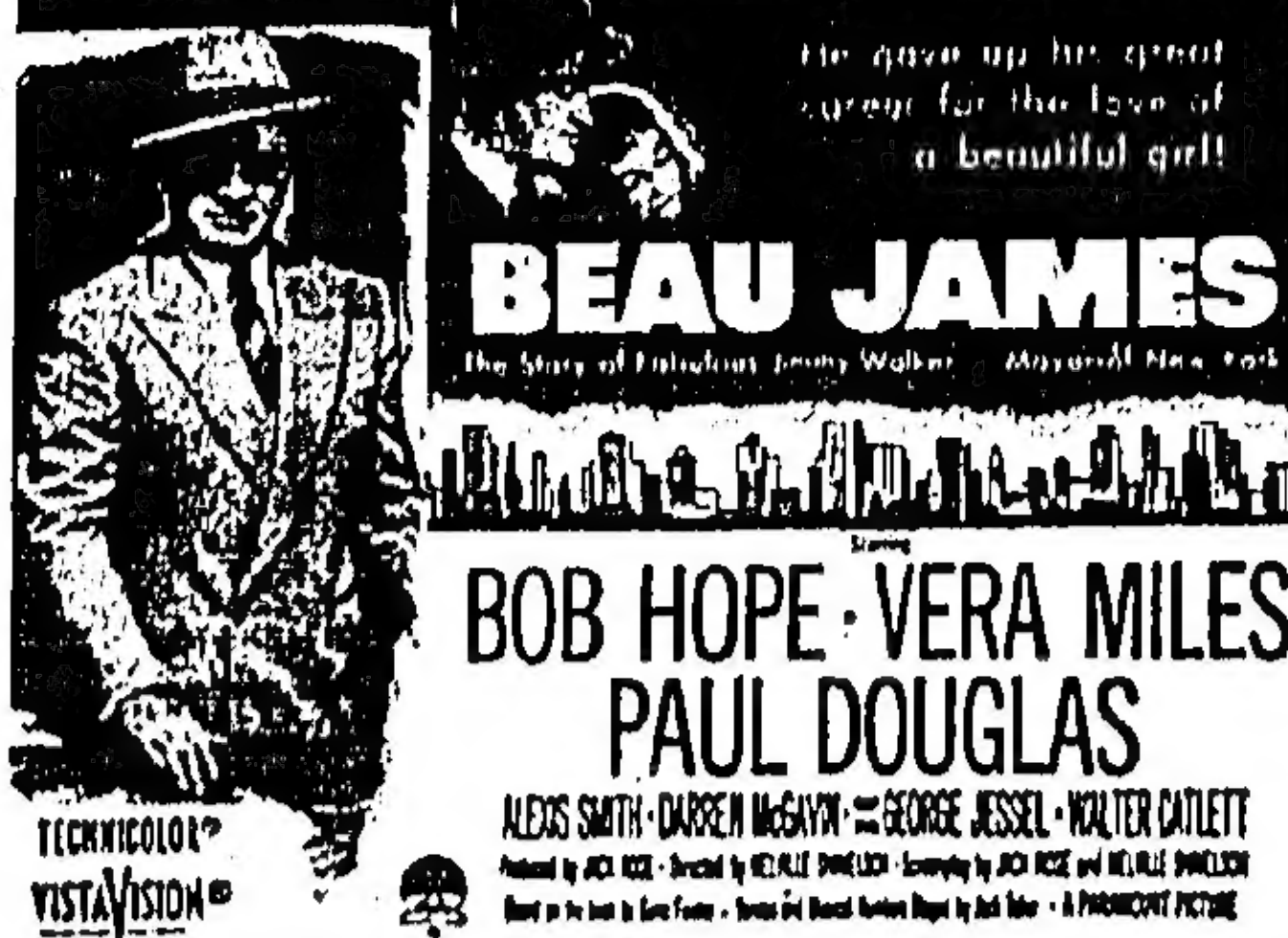
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TO-DAY

THE STORY OF NEW YORK'S FABULOUS SON!



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"TOM & JERRY"
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KING'S PRINCESS

SPECIAL MATINEE

Frank Sinatra, Eleanor Parker, Kim Novak in
"THE MAN WITH THE GOLDEN ARM"
Admission: \$1.00, \$1.50

PRINCESS

SPECIAL MATINEE

Shree Ranjit Movietone presents
NARGIS & RAJKAPOOR in
"PAPI"
Co-starring Dulhari, Kailash, Maruthi, Ramesh Thakur,
Amar Nath & Buta Ram Sarma
Directed by Chandul Shah
Songs by Raja Mehdi Ali Khan & Harat Jaipuri
Music by S. Mahindar
Rolling Comedy - Mirthful Music - Fascinating Drama
This picture is specially withheld for a repeat
presentation due to Typhoon Gloria
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STAR & METROPOLE: 5 Shows To-morrow, Extra
Performance of "BATTLE HYMN" At 12.30 p.m.

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STAR: At 11.00 a.m. || METROPOLE At 11.00 a.m.
LATEST FOX TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS PROGRAMME
At Reduced Prices

STAR: At 12.00 Noon || METROPOLE: At 12.00 Noon
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PRESS PHOTOGRAPHS

Copies of photographs
taken by the South China
Morning Post, South China
Sunday Post-Herald, and
China Mail Staff Photo-
graphers are on view in
the Morning Post Building.

ORDERS BOOKED

FILMS

CURRENT & COMING

by ANTHONY FULLER

Manuela

Now "Manuela" is a British film to rave about. It is a film you can put alongside any film that has come our way lately. Right from the opening shot, it is made with the confidence of men who know what they want, and how to get it. I will tell you why it is a good film.

"Manuela" now on show at the Roxy and Broadway is a Twentieth Century Fox. It is produced by Ivan Foxwell who gives it the authoritative touch as I have said, from the word. Now the master touch is in putting Martelli opposite Trevor Howard. I mention that because it is an important point. Where British producers fall down is when they try to inject the Latin touch by using someone like Belinda Lee to simulate Latin passion.

Foxwell has artistic courage, you can see that every scene in his mind before he shoots it, and when it is taken, it is taken as he wants it. The second reason for it being a good film is Trevor Howard. He gives the finest performance of his career as the captain of an old bucket of a ship that should have sunk years ago.

That man, in spite of his high flown phrases, his starchy-eyed idealism, has ideals no deeper than his pocket. The producer says "You don't believe it? Then I'll prove it." That is the clever touch. He doesn't get the idealist to walk the promenade with Martine Carol, he chooses a millionaire.

Of course, the crowd salutes the millionaire, and the gentle harlot hanging on to his arm. Then you get it. The wicked old man whom we know already to be beyond the temple of the flesh, says to Martine: "It is not us they are greeting, it's the money."

There are some lovely shots to compensate for the slow build-up of the film, nevertheless, it's rather like one of those books you can reach from the shelf and dip into every now and again.

In spite of the airy manner in which the film unfolds, it does leave you wondering: "Are we still too ready to cast the first stone?" The film says "Yes." I should say it leaves too much unsaid to be as convincing as all that.

The female, the lover, and the poet, all in all compact.

But what when the lover is the kind of man Howard portrays? Brooding under these things, the fantastic dream a lover copes in his loneliness. And the ship sails on through the darkness.

And so, as middle-aged infatuation must, Captain Howard ruins his nautical reputation, neglects his duties as any fool would, and loses his ship. What a bit of acting.

The third reason is Elsa Martinelli. She is a seventeen-year-old alley cat of some South American port. She is like a homing-pigeon yearning for a home she never knew.

Smuggled aboard this crazy craft by Mario the engineer (Pedro Armendariz) who regards her as his hobby for the voyage, she is taken over by the captain, and not seen Miss Martinelli before, not that I can recall, but as her business in this picture is love, I should say she is extremely accomplished.

Supporting parts are also well played. For instance, the First Mate, a nasty sanctimonious Welshman who ostentatiously hates all these irregularities of the Captain. And Pedro Armendariz, bald-headed, lustful, yet kind of gentle in a brutish manner. All good confident casting.

I've never said it before, but I say it now. Go and see this picture, then see it again. It is one that is going to put British pictures on the map.

Prosaic

The Beach

ALTHOUGH "The Beach" is an Italian film, it is French in theme; in fact it is the theme so dear to the Latin Quarter geniuses, "epater le bourgeois." It is merely another version of "Boule de Suif" and "Madame Teller"; the virtuous harlot and the evil respectable people.

"The Beach" now showing at the Queen's and Alhambra does not rely on any purple patches, in fact it is a prosaic little film, but incidental to that is some very fine acting.

It is also a vindictive and cynical comment on human nature which in its closing moments sets to resolve the problem it has posed.

That man, in spite of his high flown phrases, his starchy-eyed idealism, has ideals no deeper than his pocket. The producer says "You don't believe it? Then I'll prove it." That is the clever touch. He doesn't get the idealist to walk the promenade with Martine Carol, he chooses a millionaire.

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Full Of Gin

As I see the part, he reminds me of one or two sea-going types who drop in locally every now and again. Chaps who sail to ports that don't exist. Chaps who've been sailing longer than the Flying Dutchman. Chaps never at home on shore, and alive only when they are at sea again. Such is Howard, a middle-aged mariner, with the washing up to his back teeth. A morose, melancholy, mooping man, until Elsa Martinelli appears on his ship as a customer who has forgone the convention of paying her fare.

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As I see the part, he reminds me of one or two sea-going types who drop in locally every now and again. Chaps who sail to ports that don't exist. Chaps who've been sailing longer than the Flying Dutchman. Chaps never at home on shore, and alive only when they are at sea again. Such is Howard, a middle-aged mariner, with the washing up to his back teeth. A morose, melancholy, mooping man, until Elsa Martinelli appears on his ship as a customer who has forgone the convention of paying her fare.

The female, the lover, and the poet, all in all compact.

But what when the lover is the kind of man Howard portrays? Brooding under these things, the fantastic dream a lover copes in his loneliness. And the ship sails on through the darkness.

And so, as middle-aged infatuation must, Captain Howard ruins his nautical reputation, neglects his duties as any fool would, and loses his ship. What a bit of acting.

The third reason is Elsa Martinelli. She is a seventeen-year-old alley cat of some South American port. She is like a homing-pigeon yearning for a home she never knew.

Smuggled aboard this crazy craft by Mario the engineer (Pedro Armendariz) who regards her as his hobby for the voyage, she is taken over by the captain, and not seen Miss Martinelli before, not that I can recall, but as her business in this picture is love, I should say she is extremely accomplished.

Supporting parts are also well played. For instance, the First Mate, a nasty sanctimonious Welshman who ostentatiously hates all these irregularities of the Captain. And Pedro Armendariz, bald-headed, lustful, yet kind of gentle in a brutish manner. All good confident casting.

I've never said it before, but I say it now. Go and see this picture, then see it again. It is one that is going to put British pictures on the map.

Prosaic

The Beach

ALTHOUGH "The Beach" is an Italian film, it is French in theme; in fact it is the theme so dear to the Latin Quarter geniuses, "epater le bourgeois." It is merely another version of "Boule de Suif" and "Madame Teller"; the virtuous harlot and the evil respectable people.

"The Beach" now showing at the Queen's and Alhambra does not rely on any purple patches, in fact it is a prosaic little film, but incidental to that is some very fine acting.

It is also a vindictive and cynical comment on human nature which in its closing moments sets to resolve the problem it has posed.

That man, in spite of his high flown phrases, his starchy-eyed idealism, has ideals no deeper than his pocket. The producer says "You don't believe it? Then I'll prove it." That is the clever touch. He doesn't get the idealist to walk the promenade with Martine Carol, he chooses a millionaire.

Of course, the crowd salutes the millionaire, and the gentle harlot hanging on to his arm. Then you get it. The wicked old man whom we know already to be beyond the temple of the flesh, says to Martine: "It is not us they are greeting, it's the money."

There are some lovely shots to compensate for the slow build-up of the film, nevertheless, it's rather like one of those books you can reach from the shelf and dip into every now and again.

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Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

GHOST OF BOMBER PILOT

Mystery Scare
In R.A.F.
Control Tower

The headless ghost of a pilot officer is making night guard duty at an RAF station an ordeal, say airmen. Many security men, whose job it is to patrol the airfield at Lichfield, Staffs, are scared to go near the lonely control tower after dark.

The 400 men at the station say the ghost is that of the pilot of a Wellington bomber which crashed there during the war. The crew was killed and the pilot decapitated.

Dogs Scared

These are the ghostly manifestations the airmen complain about—

ONE: Lights flickering on and off in the control tower—now mainly disused.

TWO: Hangar lights mysteriously switched on.

THREE: Refusal by the camp's six guard dogs to go within 60 yards of the control tower at night.

FOUR: The phantom flier, complete with uniform and flying boots but minus his head, who walks across the airfield to the control tower.

Refusal

One airman said: "You won't get me near the control tower after lights out. The guard dogs won't budge past a certain point at night."

"One night all the control tower lights came on without explanation and the orderly officer, orderly sergeant, and the dog handlers went across in a body to see them out."

"Could there be a haunter? No man, say the airmen, could

make the hackles rise on the guard dogs as does the phantom flier.

But a senior officer discounted the idea of an R.A.F. ghost. He said: "I have seen the hangar lights on when they should not have been, but I assume they have been put on earlier and someone has forgotten to switch them off."

IN ENGLAND
THEY DON'T
BELIEVE
IN BATHS...

SYDNEY.

To 150 schoolboys in two Sydney high schools England is a land where... The people are a lot of "nobbs." Every ordinary family employs a gardener and a servant, and pays them next to nothing.

Men still dress like their ancestors with high hats and baggy trousers.

A man walks through the streets every night at every hour shouting according to the time "—o'clock and all's well."

The boys, aged 11 to 13, were asked to write essays on England.

But one 12-year-old boy capped all the other essays. He wrote:

"In England the people have never heard of taking baths every day or even every two days and when they do bathe they do it in little tubs."

"The English don't believe in bathing very often. I would sooner live with the Chinese than the English—the Chinese are very clean."

BITTEN BY SNAKE—

A Man Describes
His Last Hours

Chicago.

A zoologist who was fatally bitten by a venomous South African snake has left a rare medical document telling the feelings he experienced during the final hours of his life.

The death diary of Dr. Karl P. Schmidt, curator of the Chicago Natural History Museum, was revealed by Coroner Walter E. McCarron.

Schmidt, 37, died of cerebral hemorrhages brought on by the snake bite. He had been bitten the day before while examining the snake, a "Boomslang," to determine the reptile's age and type.

In the diary, written in long hand on three pages, Schmidt said he sucked the puncture marks, which bled freely, and experienced strong nausea on the trip home.

That evening, Schmidt wrote, he experienced "a strong chill and shaking followed by fever of 101.7 degrees, which did not persist. Bleeding of mucus membranes in the mouth began about 5.30 p.m., apparently mostly from the gums."

He said he slept fitfully due to a "good deal of abdominal pain, mainly from gas, and later suffered violent nausea after drinking a glass of water."

The last entry was written shortly before death and told of slight bleeding in the bowels and "mouth and nose continuing to bleed, not excessively."—United Press.

Shock Cure
For Blind
Housewife

Fort Worth, Tex.

A 20-year-old blind wife of a Carwell Air Force Base Airman recovered her eyesight recently after being kidnapped and thrown out of a car.

Mrs. Virginia Mink was found by police lying on a street with her hands taped behind her back. When they put her in an ambulance, Mrs. Mink exclaimed: "I can see!"

She was blinded on July 3 in an accident. A doctor said it was a "psychological blindness" and Mrs. Mink was shocked out of it.

Mrs. Mink said a man knocked on the door of her home, and told her he had some news from her husband, who is on temporary duty in Maine.

When she let the man in he pressed a pistol to her stomach. He taped her wrists and then forced her into a car. They drove around for about four hours.

The man tried to kiss her. Then he threw her out.—United Press.

The dam provided water for 3000 sheep.

THE DRY EARTH

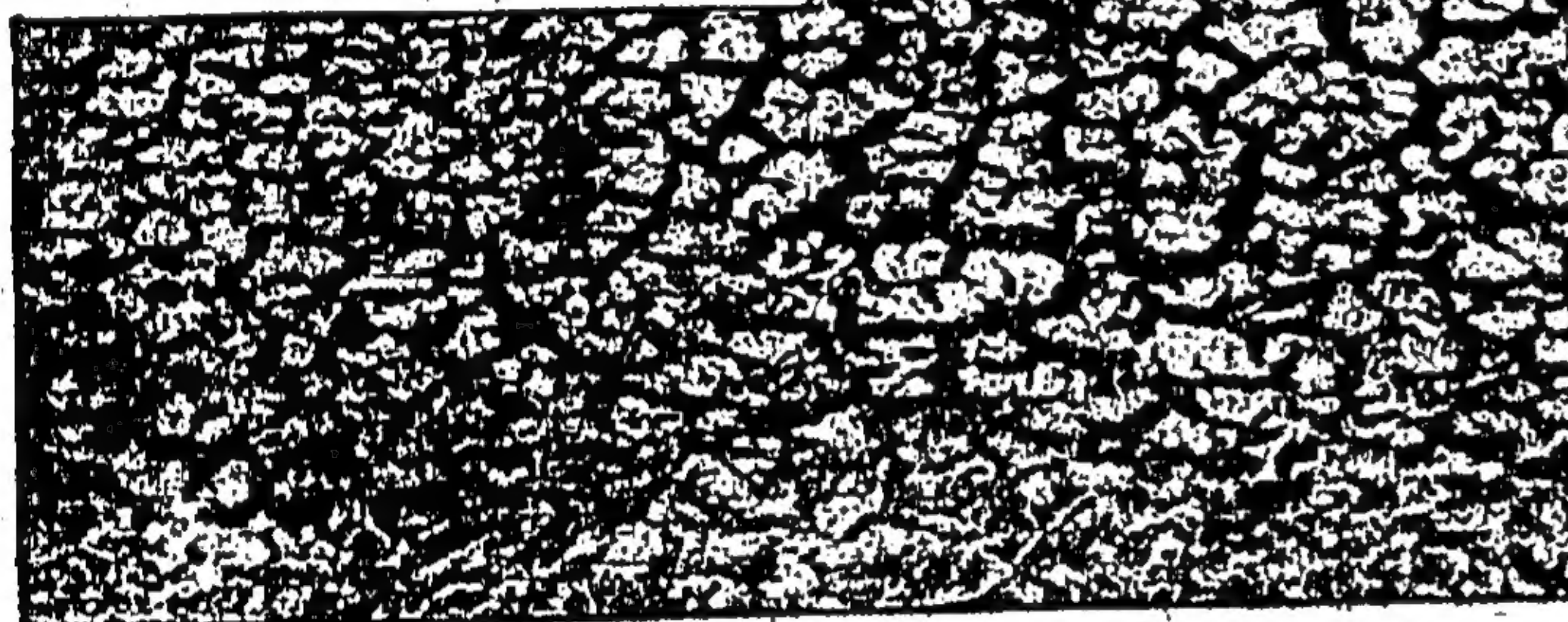
THIS
WAS
A
DAM

Plight of outback N.S.W. farmers and graziers deteriorates daily through lack of rain.

This picture taken at Nevettville emphasizes the seriousness of the drought.

It shows Mr. R. H. Kinsey of Warriamah, standing in the cracked bed of what was once a dam.

The dam provided water for 3000 sheep.

What All
Secretaries
Should Know
About Bosses

Paris. A man who rarely brags to his wife brags all the time to his secretary, according to officials of a school here where 180 secretaries have been meeting to perfect their technique with the boss and his clients.

"Many bosses spend more time with their secretaries than they do with their wives. That's why a secretary should choose her boss carefully," the girls were told.

"Girl Fridays"

The 180 "Girl Fridays" attending the course learned how to perfect a lot of things in addition to the quality of their shorthand.

They were taught how to walk, apply makeup, fix their hair, smile, talk on the telephone and handle an angry employer.

"Let him yell for at least six minutes, tell him to sit down and smile, and take notes of everything he says to make him feel important," they were told.—United Press.

ITALY'S SPECIAL POLICE SQUAD FOR

Grave Robberies—A
Big Business Now

By LARRY COLLINS

Rome. Grave robbing is an ancient if not honourable art, and nowhere has it been developed to a higher skill than in Italy's relic-rich tomb areas of Etrusca.

The problem has become so great that a worried Italy has formed a special section of its Guardia di Finanza—Treasury Police—devoted to hunting down and arresting grave robbers who are hauling away an estimated \$8,000,000 in relics a year.

Some of the relics are priceless. One raid in a Rome antiquarian's apartment this August produced a hoard of Etruscan treasures so rare even the local museum could not match some of them.

Last year the 13-man art treasure section of the Guardia di Finanza made 69 arrests for grave-robbing and/or possessing stolen Etruscan goods.

Staggering Job

The 13 men, headed by Lieutenant Mario Flores, who learned his classics by studying archaeology before joining the police, have a staggering job on their hands.

First, Italy's laws make it difficult to pinch the grave-robbers and even more difficult

to arrest the middlemen and "fences" who sell them off to visiting tourists.

Italy did not wake up to the danger to her art code until 1939 when she passed a law saying all objects found beneath the soil were a part of the national patrimony, and imposed a two-year jail sentence for those on grave-robbers.

Relic dealers caught red-handed, however, claim they came into their merchandise before 1939.

In addition, the thieves are smart.

Father To Son

Police say the knowledge of how to rob a grave is often passed from father to son. The grave robbers—estimated at

200 and up—are said to be intelligent, wise craftsmen who can set the value of a rare object as fast as an expert.

One man, robbed with 13 rare vases was able to give an exact description of their background, age and value—a description that paralleled that of museum experts, police said.

To stamp out the grave snatchers in the Po River delta, police mounted watch-towers with searchlights and machine guns like the walls around a concentration camp.

Flores says the clever thieves disguise themselves as peasants, woodsmen, and even as sport-shirted American tourists to sneak into the graveyards.

Machine-Guns

One clever snatcher rented a motorcycle, packed a picnic basket, a blanket and a girl aboard and headed for the relic-rich hills.

He came out with a picnic basket full of \$32,000 worth of objects, said Flores.

The thieves bring their goods to Rome, Florence and Milan where they sell their goods to a small select number of middlemen. The middlemen in turn sell to collectors and some dealers who to sell them illegally to tourists.

Few middlemen and dealers get stung with fines—those are saved for American tourists. The grave robbers know their trade so well they strip a tomb of anything valuable leaving only common pickings for the government archaeologists.

Biggest trouble police say is getting into the hills. The numbers engaged in the trade are so small, police say, that they all know each other, thus making it almost impossible for the police to infiltrate the trade.

—United Press.

—Relatives From Space

SAUCER-MEN ARE HUMAN, DECLARES EX-EMVOY

Rome. A former Italian diplomat is convinced that beings from the outer space influenced Nikita Khrushchev in demolishing the Stalin myth. The relationship between deStalinization and the weird creatures at the wheel of flying saucers was only one of the daring theories voiced—very seriously—by Alberto Perogo, a retired consul and self-styled flying saucer expert, in a recent press conference in a swank Rome hotel.

The creatures from other planets are also to be credited for the fact that the Korean war did not expand and that there was no World War III, Perogo told slightly startled newsmen. The creatures on the flying saucers are close relatives of man, Perogo says. They descend from "our forefathers who fled from the Earth to other planets at the time of the Deluge."

He did not say if Noah's contemporaries already had flying saucers or how they did the trip.

"The flying saucer pilots are well-intentioned towards us earthly creatures, Perogo says. They are concerned lest atomic tests or a nuclear war could cause serious cosmic trouble affecting the other planets, and have been sending reconnaissance saucers for the past 12 years to find out what is going on."

They advised Khrushchev to start deStalinization, Perogo said. He declined comment on how the unearthly visitors transmitted their message to the Soviet leader.

Perogo said the flying saucers are of various types, some manned and some unmanned, but all powered by electromagnetic energy. The beings who made them are "at least 500 years ahead of us" in civilization, he said.—United Press.

Telegraphic
Tablets

Nashville, Tenn. The Louisville and Nashville Railroad gave this reason for proposing to discontinue two passenger runs: "The crew often outnumbers the passengers."—United Press.

Los Angeles. A company that owns its own plane is taking any chances on getting a bad name for itself.

The Samovar Vodka Co. refuses to serve its product while the plane is in flight.—United Press.

New Orleans. An artist who painted a prize-winning "Modernistic Embrace" in a local show explained why she chose the field of modern art.

"It's the only thing I can draw," said seven-year-old Lynne Alliver.—United Press.

Chicago. Chicago police with everyone understood their hand: traffic signals as well as Christmas.

Christine, a junk-wagon horse, galloped a mile down city streets the other day when a low-flying plane startled her. Two policemen saw the elation. Christine coming and motioned her to stop.

She stopped.—United Press.

Casco, Mich. Mrs. Frank Otto's grandson tried to smoke out the bees living in the walls of the Otto home with a Fourth of July sparkler.

But the bees simply retreated further into the house and even the flames young Otto started failed to rout the busy hive makers.—United Press.

Honolulu. A clerk in Honolulu, Floyd Kukekaiakauakalani Keali-wailanamu, always signs his name in full.—Special.

London. Six 21 notes were boiled for 15 minutes when Mr. Arthur Eves, of Hoxton Road, Bournemouth, forgot to take them out of the pocket of his sports shirt before washing.

Except for fading they were as good as new.—Special.

Berlin. Wooden barrier erected round statue of Stalin in front of the Kursk Tube station in Moscow disappeared. So had the statue.—Special.

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King of
Whiskies



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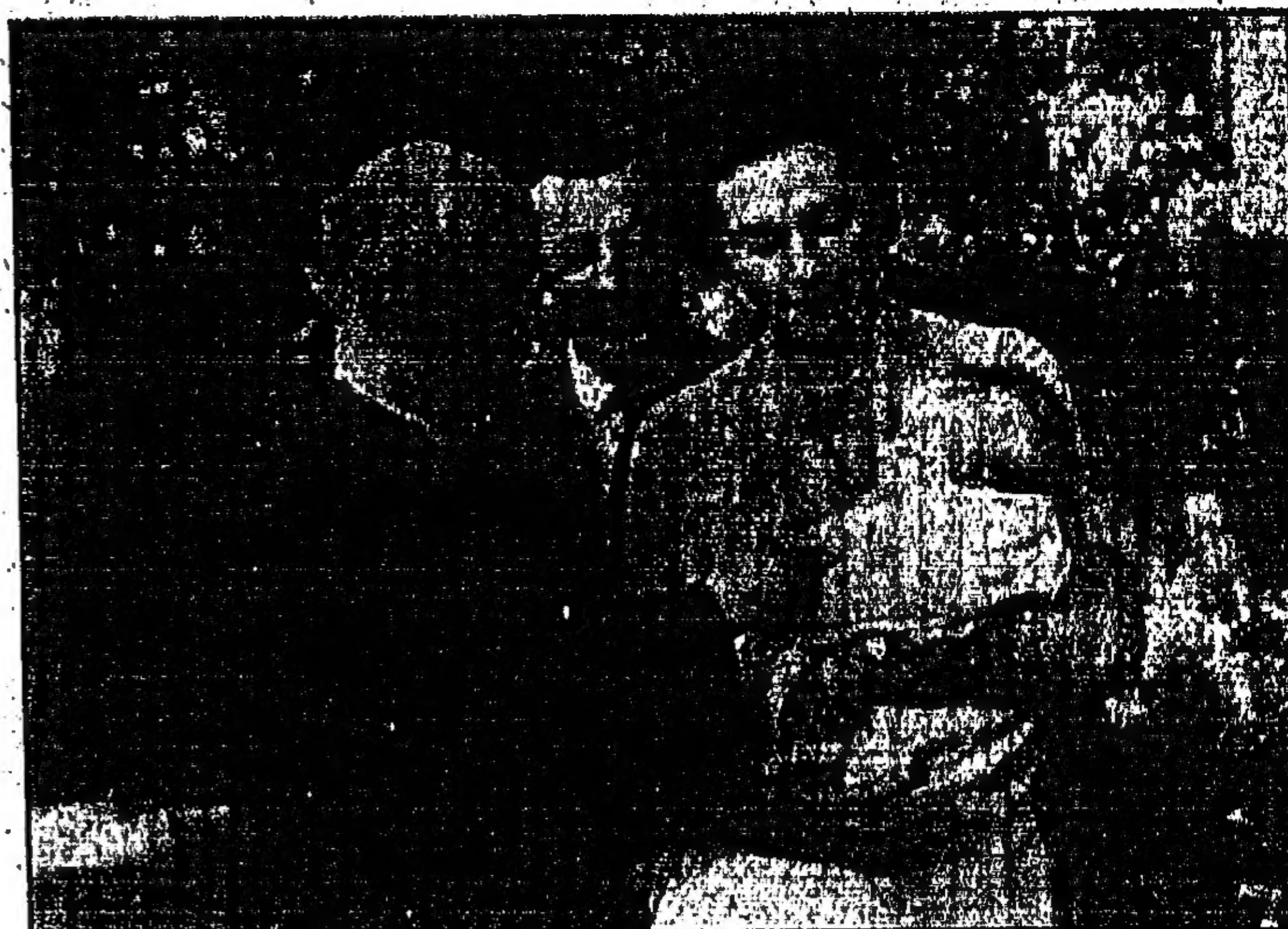
200, Queen's Road, Hongkong

HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



SMALL WORLD ... through the war this baby face looked down from hoardings all over Britain with the message, "See your baby is fit and strong—by giving her cod liver oil and orange juice every day." Now, grown up Sarah Corkett (19) is off to Canada. Who chose the picture way back in 1943? The Taunton Food Officer ... Hongkong's (and our) Jill Doggett.

RIGHT: Bob Turner, Flight-Sergeant in the Royal Canadian Air Force, picked up the phone one day and was told he was heir-presumptive to the 6th Earl of Winterton, an Irish Peer. "Gee!"



Unworried by conflicting convictions at the impending Convocation, the Archbishop of Canterbury spent a quiet weekend at Marsham Kent and christened the Queen's cousin, Mountbatten's grandchild, Lord Bradbourne's daughter — Amanda Patricia Victoria.

BELOW: The Prime Minister helps to launch a new Conservative political magazine "The Crossbow" to be produced by the "Bow Group" of Young Conservatives ... Lord Altrincham, Sir Edward Boyle, Mr Charles Adorno (Editor). Losses for the first year are underwritten by Sir Edward (Housewife, Lilliput) Hulton.



Snatch this Scotland Yard booby trap bag for carrying specie and you've a hooter roaring in your hand which nothing can stop but the police.

ARMY NEWS

LEFT: Private David Campbell brushes up his trade and Major Sassoon learns "do it yourself" tips for Civvy Street at Aldershot's latest domob training centre.



BELOW & RIGHT: TV incident when Robin Day produced evidence of Japanese trade mark trickery. "Treacherous" fumed interpreter Masaki (meaning Robin, not the trickery.) "We stop here! We stop here!" yelled Japanese Embassy officials in the studio. VIP (Foreign Minister) Fujiyama said and did nothing — except to stop smiling.



RIGHT: You'll have to ignore the 18 inch waist for the moment. Wearing "the sack" Jayne Mansfield can only show you two measurements at a time ... upper 41; nother 35½.

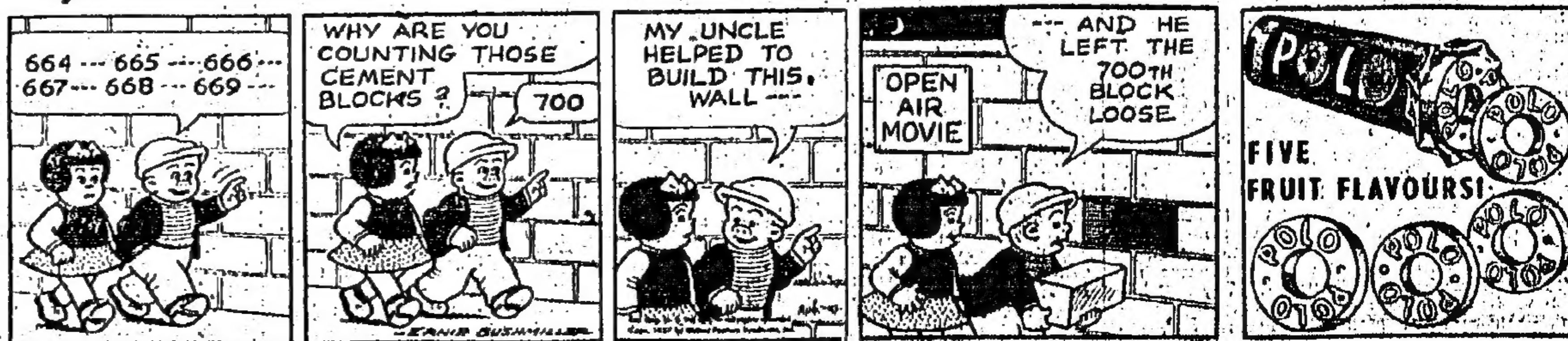
LEFT: World Champion Rock 'n Rollers came to London from Copenhagen to carry off prizes from the Lycaum Ballroom in the Strand. They are Jörn Blanca (25) and the girl he throws around, Inge Janse (18).

EXPRESS



NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller



NEWS FROM BRITAIN

THE newest thing in Britain is Aneurin Bevan. That is to say, the new Aneurin Bevan. Bevan the statesman.

Phoenix-like, this paragon emerged from the ashes of the old, fire-eating Bevan at the Socialists' party conference at Brighton.

Veteran Bevanites, the left-wing glimmer-group of the Labour Party, gasped as they heard the maestro reject the proposal that Britain should, if need be, unilaterally, refuse to test, manufacture or use nuclear weapons.

For it has long been Bevanite gospel that this danger-charged lecture would be justified as a moral example to the rest of the world.

Delegates, crammed into a local ice-riak, heard Bevan, in the toughest speech of his stormy career, hurl aside the arguments of those who wanted an unconditional ban on nuclear weapons as "an emotional spasm."

What is more, he got away with it. But only after trade union strong man Frank Cousins threw his mighty Transport and General Workers' vote behind Bevan, at what cost in terms of erstwhile Bevanite disciples has not yet been measured.

Now the really important thing is not so much what Nye did, but why Nye did it.

The answer lay in his argument to the delegates that if the "ban it at all cost" resolution went through they would "send the British Foreign Secretary—whoever he was—naked into the conference chamber."

Patently Nye had few doubts about "whoever he was going to be." In short, A. Bevan.

This is highly significant. For Nye Bevan, for all his apparent emotionalism, is a canny soul with a superb sense of political timing. To have gambled as he did on the ability of his personality to make the Labourites accept his compromise means that he must be completely convinced of a Socialist election victory and that he will get the job of Foreign Secretary.

Just how much he risked must be frightening for him in retrospect. For if the party had voted against him there can be little doubt that he would have been finished.

But then, Nye Bevan is a spell-binder from way back.

The Outsider

If the British were allowed to choose an eleventh commandment it would most likely be—"Thou shalt not be cruel to animals."

The people who could make cups of tea for German pilots shot down during bombing raids reach for their epithets if they hear of someone being cruel to an animal.

"Horsewhipping," goes the popular reaction, "is too good for them."

Yet last week in the correspondence columns of two very British London Times, appeared a letter urging that Britain should get their animal-loving emotionalism into proper perspective.

"You really have to live in Britain," it asserted, "to appreciate the enormity of this question."

What had inspired the writer was a court case in which a respectable, retired business man had been sentenced to six weeks' imprisonment by a London magistrate for stamping on a puppy. The letter writer compared this sentence with the four weeks passed on a dangerous driver who had injured a woman pushing a perambulator. The British were apparently unimpressed by the argument. And later in the week a popular London daily devoted its front page to the photograph of a young man who had been hauled to court for being cruel to two cats. And the headline was "Picture of a Fiend."

Heather On Fire

The least popular clan in Scotland are the Macmillans.

In Glasgow, a crowd of several thousands cheered a speaker who poured wrathfully:—"It is left to me I know what I'd do with the Macmillans."

What had brought this fine old Scots family into public view in Glasgow at any rate—was the goings-on of the Right Honourable Harold of the ilk. As Prime Minister, Harold was being held responsible for the decision to amalgamate the Highland Light Infantry with the Royal Scots Fusiliers.

Now, it is perfectly in order for the English to have their traditional county regiments amalgamated, even for the Guards, to lose a couple of battalions in the interests of economy and efficiency. But amalgamate the H.L.I.?

Why, the regiments are the epitome of Glaswegian spirit, tough, brash, cocky, unconquerable. (During the First World War some of its more extrovert members were said to favour the razor rather than the bayonet for in-fighting.)

So the drums rolled, a hundred pipers, and twenty thousand furious Glaswegians stormed through the city to a rally, the general purport of which seemed to be that if Harold Macmillan ever decides to return to his ancestral home he had better grow a beard and call himself Macdougall.

by PETER BURGEOYNE

The Challenge I see in Britain Today



by DONALD EDGAR

HOW CAN WE BE
TIRED WHEN EVERY
GENERATION CAN
START
AFRESH?

IT is not in our nature to think in terms of our greatness. We have not consciously as a people striven for greatness.

But in doing what we wanted with our lives, we have achieved greatness.

It is a fact of history that we are a people of destiny.

When this century dawned we inherited a great estate.

We have had to spend it.

Not on wasteful extravagance. Not on foolish schemes.

But to defend ourselves from the rule of evil men.

And in defending ourselves, we have protected those peoples who had not the resolution to defend themselves.

Triumphs

SO in 1945, tired and spent with the struggle, but rightly proud with victory, we had to turn to the business of earning our living.

In 12 years we have earned so many triumphs that history may say these years guaranteed the glory of our second great recovery.

NEVER has the ingenuity, the skill, the determination of our race been so apparent.

NEVER has our sense of civic responsibility been so tested. Our taxes have been immense. But they have been paid.

And yet, at the same time, we have created a just pattern of life which has changed work and leisure, a rising standard of living, more education, and a care for health that is the wonder of the world.

It is not in our nature to think in terms of our greatness.

But, now and again, it is good to look back and consider what we have done. And to link these present achievements with our plans for the future.

We have done so much.

And when we have failed.

It has not been the failure of age. It has been the failure of youth and enterprise. The desire to accomplish great ventures in too great a haste.

We have been the first to harness the atom to our uses.

Prometheus' task that will mark with the great anonymous inventions of the wheel and the taming of the horse.

Our turbo-jets... the Viscounts and the Britannias... proudly whine across the skies. First in the field... and unsurpassed.

Our jet, the Comet, took the air. It crashed. But others will follow. If there was a fault... it was the fault of being too adventurous.

Records

WE hold the air speed record. Campbell has flashed across the waters faster than any other man.

Our agriculture is the most highly mechanized in the world. Our yields are the envy of other lands.

Our cattle are bought by the world to restock their inferior herds.

Our ships are still the best in the world.

In the new industries... electronics, plastics, and synthetic materials... we have pushed forward as fast as, if not faster than, any other country.

Exports

WE have invested in the Empire and the Commonwealth.

But our greatest achievement of all, we have exported. In 1938 we exported £470 million. In 1945 it was £450 million. In 1956 it was £3,311 million.

And even allowing for the fall in the purchasing power of the £, that is a fantastic success.

We realised that the investments of the past had gone.

So we have gone out into the world and sold them our goods in a fiercely competitive market.

Why have we been able to sell our cars, our engines, our clothes, our chemicals?

Because, until for unit price for price, our goods have been

better than those produced by anyone else.

We have asked for no favours. The envious world, half-wondering to define our decline, has given us no favours.

We have accomplished all this by our own efforts.

Failures

OF course there have been difficulties. Of course there have been delays in delivery dates. Of course there have been complaints of quality.

We take note of all these faults... perhaps too much.

For it is not in our nature to think in terms of our greatness.

So conscious are we of the highest standards. So conscious are we of the heritage we received, that perhaps we exaggerate to ourselves our day-to-day troubles.

There is a strike... we worry... we fret... we take sides... we say, in moments of frustration, that this is the end and that things cannot continue like this.

In fact our industrial relations are quite remarkably good.

In our own quiet, sensible way we have come a long way since the times when long-drawn-out strikes and lock-outs were allowed to dislocate the life of the nation for months.

Both sides of industry know in spite of the high words spoken at times... that a reasonable arrangement of wages and conditions will be reached.

Arguments

IT is stupid to remark too much the high words. We are a high-minded race. And when we argue... we argue.

These are signs of vigour. Not of decay.

When anything goes wrong... because we are perfectionists... because we want everything to go smoothly... we grow annoyed.

The really remarkable thing is how few things have gone wrong.

We exaggerate our troubles. We minimise our success.

When there is emigration... especially the post-Suez emigration... we talk of a lack of faith in the future... we talk of the loss of the youth.

And yet... since when have the British not emigrated? We are more than an island. We are more than a race. We are an idea.

So vigorous is our stock. So boundless is its enterprise and sense of adventure. That in every generation there are those who go abroad to found new nations or strengthen others.

Examples

IT is always in our favour. For every woman or man who goes to settle abroad spreads our way of life.

And since we realise that apart from earning a livelihood there are other reasons for living... reasons such as liberty, justice, and the complex of ideas we rationalise as fair play... we know that in sending our sons and daughters abroad we are adding to our reasons for existence. We are broadening our destiny.

There is so much nonsense talked about old nations. As members of humanity we are all of the same age.

We are all contemporary. Every generation starts afresh. Some have a great past to inspire them. Others have nothing... or little... to look back on.

The British youth are lucky. The past is so splendid that it can act only as a spur.

Victories

THEY talk of our smallness. As if that was in any way relevant to a people who, when they had a population of 60,000,000, defeated the Armada of Philip II of Spain, who held most of Europe as his fief.

They talk of our smallness. As if that had anything to do with a people who in 1940 stood alone against the might of the greatest military power of the world.

They talk of our smallness. In the framework of the size and population of the United States and Soviet Russia.

Forgetting that numbers have never meant a thing in the history of the human race. That Blenheim was never so wrong as when he said that God was on the side of the big battalions.

For the story of humanity is the story of the character of individuals.

And as a race... though the world may not like to admit it... we produce individuals of great worth more frequently than any other race.

Although it is not in our nature to think in terms of our greatness... that we are so small.

A population of 51,000,000. A working population of 24,000,000.

And beyond our population Commonwealth nations that we have fathered: Canada, Australia, New Zealand. South Africa is still with us... though recalcitrant and proud of her Boer blood she is pursuing her own path.

Beyond our populations are the countries we rescued from barbarism or tyranny... India, Pakistan, Ceylon, the West Indies, the African Empire from Rhodesia and Tanganyika to Ghana and Nigeria.

Their leaders... and through those leaders their peoples and their institutions... are imbued with our traditions, our experience. And have acquired our standards.

And, even if in the flush of reaction when they acquire their freedom those leaders turn against us... it is in the long run only the same psychology that makes every son in his adolescence turn against his father. A few years makes all the difference.

From all those sources we draw strength... as well as give it.

We may not talk of our greatness... but there is not a Briton born who does not realise that he is a part of greatness.

And there is no reason to believe that our present generation is betraying the trust.

Look at our nation. It works. It is healthy. Its standards of living... housing, food and clothes... are much higher than they were before the war. It is a highly educated people. But, above all, it is a restlessly creative nation.

Our great artists of today are seldom painters... they are the designers of television sets, motor-cars, washing machines, tankers...

The Sheraton and Chipendale are today industrial designers.

And it is they who are the craftsmen of the present age. But since we must rely on quality and inventiveness, our greatest problem must always be education... especially technical education.

Opportunities

IT is a challenge to us as a nation, to invest as heavily as possible in our youth.

And it is a challenge to every industry to help every young man and woman to realise their ability to the full.

With much done... and much to do... Britain faces the future.

It is an exciting age in which to be alive.

The opportunities opened up by the new science are as boundless as those that excited mankind at the time of the Renaissance.

We have only to be ourselves, to have little courage and great ambitions, to take the position in the world that is our birthright... that of leader.

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Since 1956 all ROLEX and Tudor Oyster cases equipped with Twinlock crown have been guaranteed waterproof to an underwater depth of 165 ft.

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FIGHT FOR OUR FUTURE— WITH THIS NEW WEAPON

by LEON BAGRIT MANAGING DIRECTOR OF ELLIOTT BROTHERS (LONDON) LTD.

THE next few years will see industrial competition between nations on a frightening scale. How does Britain stand on the eve of the race?

Have we the energy and the equipment successfully to withstand the industrial might of America and Russia?

Can we beat the Germans and the Japanese in world markets?

The answer to these vital questions lies largely in automation.

The extent to which the techniques of automation can be applied to the production of goods and services may mean the difference between unprecedented prosperity or virtual extinction as a great trading nation.

Many people are confused over the difference between automation and mechanisation. A typewriter is mechanisation; an electronic "brain" automation. It is this additional "brain" power, the ability to control its functions automatically, that characterises the automated machine or process.

IN 10 YEARS

THE next 10 years is going to see progress in three separate fields of automation. In none of these have we a monopoly—we are, in some respects, behind America and Russia. Not in our knowledge of the new techniques, but in the extent to which we are applying them.

We must catch up. Time lost in argument about automation will never be replaced. Of course, it is going to mean a change in the employment pattern, and it is the duty of employers and labour to make

transitions as smooth and un-harmful as possible.

Automation does NOT mean unemployment. It is the lack of it that means no jobs.

The spread of automation is going to create new jobs by the great expansion that must take place in such industries as electronics, nuclear, and instrumentation. Few people realise that half our working population is now employed on products which did not even exist 50 years ago.

THREE WAYS

LET us look at the three main types of automation separately.

1. First, there is the automation of "flow" processes, like oil refineries, gas works, chemical plants, and electricity and nuclear power.

2. The second category is the automation of mechanical operations. Under this heading come transfer machines and machine tools, conveyors, and materials handling equipment.

3. The third kind of automation is the processing of information or data—clerical automation in fact.

In the first type great strides have been made in the last few years. Huge plants are now operated almost automatically with just a handful of skilled operators in charge.

The key to further progress in this kind of automation is the mastery of highly complex electronic techniques. With these we have nothing fundamental to learn; we more than hold our own.

The danger lies in the supply of engineers, physicists, and mathematicians being insufficient to meet the needs of this form of engineering.

The second kind of automation—of mechanical operations—has made the least advance.

Already machine tools can be accurately controlled by electronic "brains," but there are many snags.

The machine tool manufacturers have full order books and have not yet devoted as much attention to the development of automation techniques as many people think advisable.

The chief advantage of this kind of automation lies in its potentiality as a "booster" of output with, in consequence, a reduction of costs.

The fully automatic factory is still some way off. In industries manufacturing complicated assemblies, but it will not be long before simple products are converted from new materials to finished articles without human hands being involved.

NO DRUDGERY

CLERICAL automation is undoubtedly going to make a big impact in the immediate future. The electronic "brain" is no longer the expensive toy of scientists. It is being produced and sold in quantity to perform a variety of tasks from computing the paths of guided missiles to preparing rate demands for households.

Many people spend their lives in boring repetitive clerical work which can be performed better, cheaper, and quicker by electronic computers. Within the next 10 years there will be few industrial organisations of any size without electronic "brains" taking the drudgery out of clerical work.

Because the electronic brain "processes" vast masses of information in a fraction of the time taken by human labour, and at a much lower cost, business management can become much more efficient. The information on which decisions are based will be presented faster and in greater quantity.

We are, in fact, at the start of a great "paper work" revolution.

This will not only raise our efficiency and cut prices, but it opens up a market for a new product. Computers are big business and Britain must get a share. British designed and built "brains" are already in use abroad and orders are coming in fast. We lead the world outside the U.S. in this field and we must stay on top.

How do the unions feel? My own view is that organised labour recognises the need for automation, to raise our living standards. They may be over-cautious in the safeguards where changes in the labour pattern result, but they are not blind. They may not find it altogether easy—but they will find a way.

A more serious problem in my view is the question of capital for the essential modernisation of our industry.

Until Governments fully appreciate that we are living in a time of far-reaching industrial change, and match their monetary and economic policies to suit, the capital necessary will not be forthcoming—and we may miss the golden opportunities ahead.

THE CHOICE

BRITAIN is small in size. We have no raw materials worth speaking of. All we can give is our brains and our hands—but that is a great deal.

By adding automation to our native skill and knowledge, and under the right leadership, in all walks of our national life, we can create and hold a place for ourselves and our children.

But if we drop behind because of bickering and indecision, no one is going to help us. As we move into the nuclear and automation age the choice between success and failure is entirely ours.



ANY LITTLE ROCK WILL DO

World Copyright by arrangement with the Manchester Guardian

These Are The Men Who Lead The Drive



By Clifford Metcalfe
MANAGING DIRECTOR OF E.M.I. ELECTRONICS LTD.

ELECTRONICS are due to sweep across and instil new life into almost every aspect of industry and commerce.

And one outcome is the changing status and responsibility of the electronic engineer. No longer is he just the man in the small back room, almost unknown.

He takes on a wider recognition, a greater responsibility.

Twenty-five years ago virtually the only outlet for electronics was the home radio receiver. The customer could know little of the real importance to him of different techniques; and the design engineer could not meet with a representative cross-section of the customers.

There was, therefore, a gap to be filled by a salesman. At times the engineer may have resented him, and even regarded him as a parasite living on radio without learning the art in detail.

THE PARTNERSHIP

BUT in fact, as in all sales of consumer goods, success depends on a knowledge of the customer as well as a knowledge of the goods. There is an essential partnership between the specialist in one, and the specialist in the other.

The result was that, in the pre-war years, the engineer was "insulated" from the customers, and sat in the small back room. He only occasionally caught the limelight, and then often fortuitously, with the glamour of a new develop-

ment rather than as the result of routine development and engineering work.

It was the war years that really marked the development of electronics for uses outside the home. In this period the reasons which kept the engineer in the back room were quite different from those which had applied before. But the result was very largely the same.

A CHANGING PICTURE

SECURITY was usually the cause for restricting his contacts with his customer, the ultimate users of his equipment, and his recognition by the public which paid the bill.

It is true that the back-room boys were often praised to the skies (and sometimes derided) as a class; but save for exceptional cases, the individual had little recognition or responsibility except inside his own narrow circle.

This picture is changing rapidly. The customer now is no longer buying something on which he or she will depend only for an hour's background to conversation and a passable addition to the decoration of a living-room.

The customer is a business executive whose livelihood, and possibly that of hundreds or thousands of employees, depend on his right judgment.

He must, therefore, be competent to judge the fitness of electronic equipment to meet his particular needs, or have the services of expert advice on the subject.

For either case, negotiations with the customer's representative will reach a high technical level—a mere smattering of the engineering details will not be enough.

At the same time, with a product offered, at least in part, made to the measure of the particular customer or application, the engineer needs to know more about the user's problems.

THE OPPORTUNITIES

ON both counts the line dividing sales representative and engineer grows thin, even to vanishing point.

There is a great need—and a great opportunity—for competent engineers who can understand the other man's problems; who have the personality to be welcome anywhere, and the wisdom and integrity to be sent anywhere.

The opportunities for engineers who possess these qualities are not limited to the few. Capital goods projects usually involve at least a preliminary investigation of conditions, installation, commissioning, and maintenance. At each stage a technician of whatever standing, is in a position in which his firm will be judged to some extent by his behaviour.

At the same time, the responsibility carries opportunity, because he has emerged from his small back room and is so placed that he can win public recognition.

This recognition, spreading among his customers, can only improve the prospects of these

who measure up to the standard set. Markets in capital goods are international and installations have to be made and exhibitions manned in foreign countries.

BUT—A DIFFICULTY

COMPANIES in these fields of business are already having difficulty in finding enough men who combine the abilities needed with that of speaking a language fluently enough, to impress a foreign customer.

Here, both the responsibility and the opportunity are even greater.

As well as his responsibility to his employer, he also has to behave in some small way as an ambassador of Britain; to increase understanding and confidence, which are the basis of mutual trade.

A travelling representative engineer need not yet expect to be out of the country all the time, but must be prepared to take his share of home duties. It is, of course, only in the laboratory that he can keep his knowledge of electronic techniques up to date.

But though the field is only growing, all the companies involved are in desperate need of people of this calibre.

WHAT WE MUST DO

HERE then is the first real opportunity for the electronic engineer to enter fully into the business of selling abroad British ideas and developments.

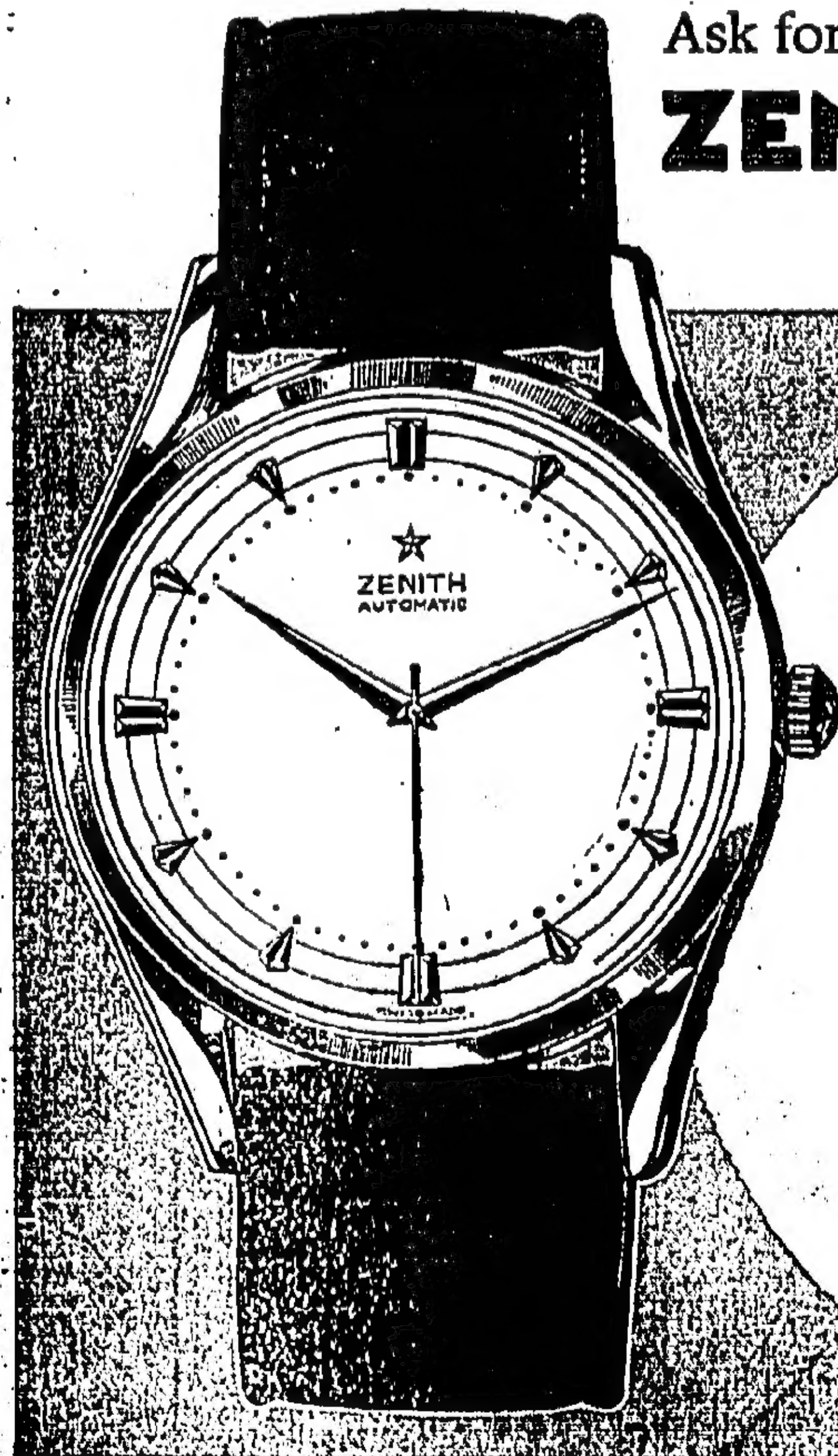
We have the knowledge. We have the brains. Can we fully exploit them to the benefit of the country and thereby maintain and improve our standard of living?

I believe we can. Indeed, to survive, we MUST.

If you appreciate
precision as well
as quality

Ask for the new
ZENITH AUTOMATIC

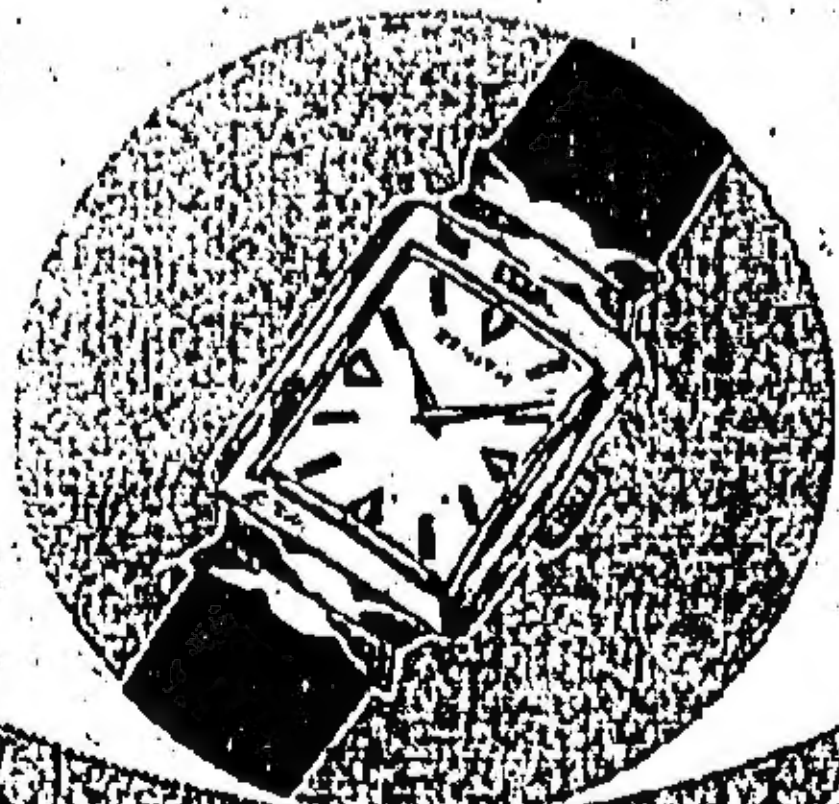
— You could not make a better choice



685 First Prizes

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When your own Zenith automatic gleams on your wrist, you will be the proud owner of an absolutely up-to-date watch—the pride of a factory that is famed for its outstanding successes. Those around you will know that you have chosen the very best of Swiss watches.

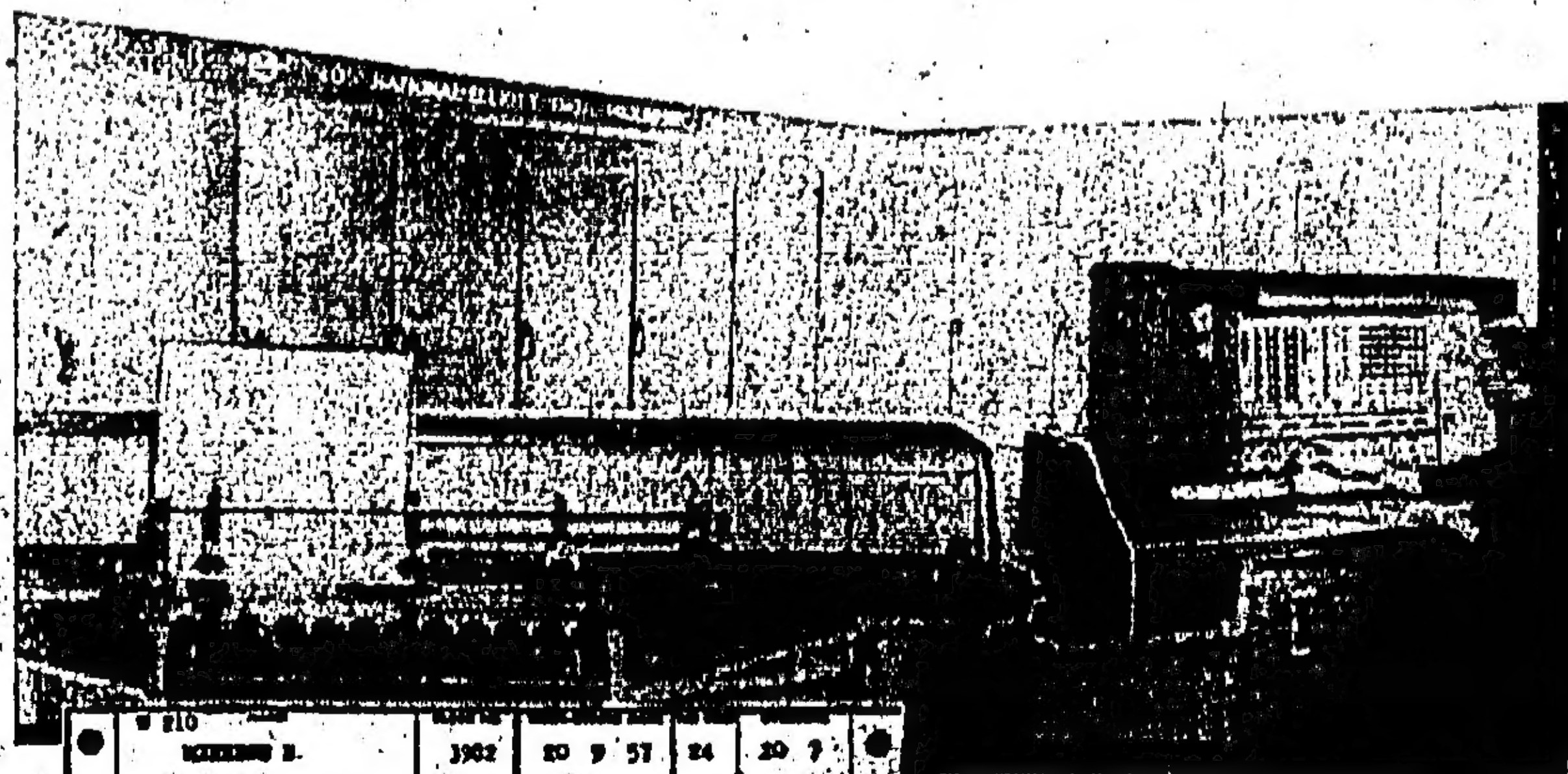


(LE LOCLE, SWITZERLAND)
1865

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ROUE D'OR WATCH CO.	55, QUEEN'S ROAD, C.
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The 'Brain'
and how it
works for
one man

DATE	TIME	NO.	NAME	AGE	SEX	STATUS	REMARKS
461	11.8	20	9.6	284	8.0	33	7.0
1	14.0	7.5	0.0	0	16	3	17

FOR EXAMPLE, in the everyday world of work, science takes over a job and does all the work. The automatic computer automatically works out wages from time cards, adds bonuses, deducts insurance, calculates and deducts tax, and finally prints out a pay slip ready to go into the wage packet—in less time than a man takes to sharpen a pencil.

I call it our No. 1 source of pride

AND WHY

BRITAIN'S atomic scientists and engineers have just been paid their highest compliment.

The U.S. Government has acknowledged in the most striking way that in spite of the much bigger scale of the American atomic effort, Britain is far ahead in the development of electric power from uranium.

This acknowledgment, which refutes previous U.S. criticism of Britain's atom project as being "unimaginative," came in the form of a rush decision to build an atom power plant of the same type as that planned into action at Calder Hall, Cumberland, a year ago.

Congress underlined the urgency of this project by changing the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission with allowing Britain to secure a dominating lead in the atom-power race.

It followed up its decision by sending eight members of the Congressional committee on Atomic Energy to see Calder Hall.

Calder Hall will go down in history as the greatest single industrial enterprise of the century—comparable with the first steam locomotive and the first airplane.

by CHAPMAN PINCHER

The Americans were right when they said it was crude, but they were wrong when they judged that it could not be developed and streamlined into something infinitely more elegant, more effective, and—what is most important—more economical.

WILL BE CHEAPER

In only 11 months since Calder Hall started producing 38,600 kilowatts of electricity, firms are building atom power stations which will each pump into the grid up to 500,000 kilowatts.

This means that far sooner than anyone believed possible Britain is building atom electricity stations as big as any of the coal-fueled power plants which have 75 years of experience behind them.

Stations with an output up to 1,000,000 kilowatts are now in

prospect, with the inevitable cheapening of the cost of power per unit to factories and homes.

Chief credit for this achievement goes in the first place to the Atomic Energy Authority chiefs, and especially to Sir Christopher Hinton for the bold decision to stake everything on the Calder Hall type of plant.

But Calder Hall could not have been adapted to commercial use with such speed and skill if British industrial firms had not been ready and able to seize the opportunity.

The atom power stations at Hunterston, Ayrshire; Bradwell, Essex; Berkeley, Gloucester; and Hinkley Point, Somerset, which are going to step up British living standards through their impact on the export drive, were designed and are being built by free enterprise.

INDUSTRY'S ROLE

THE Government could never have made its bid to go all-atomic but for its confidence in British engineering and electrical firms to cope with the terrific technical problems.

These problems sound pedestrian compared with the exciting experiments of the atomic scientists who discover the principles. But industrial advances like discovering how to weld three-inch-thick steel plates—essential before the big power stations could be built—are engineering achievements of the first order.

Even in the experimental stages industry has played an essential role. Thus the complex calculations necessary to ensure that the uranium "fire" can never get out of control could not be done without "electronic brains" devised and built by industry.

Only eight months ago the Government was planning to build 18 more giant uranium power stations to save 18,000,000 tons of coal a year. The engineers have forged ahead so rapidly since then that this saving can now be achieved by building only 10 stations.

To the housewife who never goes into a power station there is no difference in the electricity she uses to drive her washing machine whether it comes from uranium or coal. But there will soon be a difference she will appreciate—a reduction in cost.

AND—A FORECAST

SIR CHRISTOPHER HINTON has forecast that by 1970—only 13 years—atomic electricity will be substantially cheaper per unit than electricity derived from coal is now. Furthermore, the price of electricity would have risen considerably by then if coal continued to be the chief source of it.

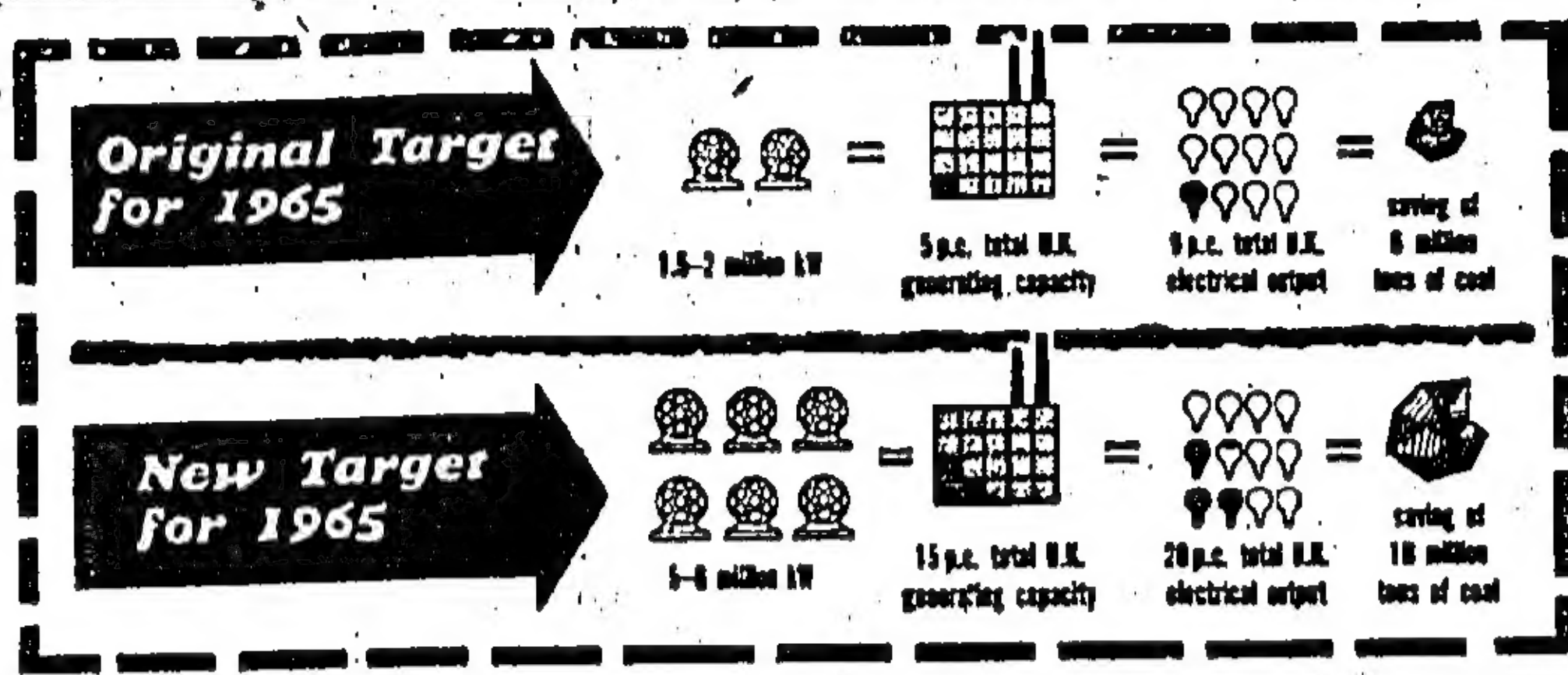
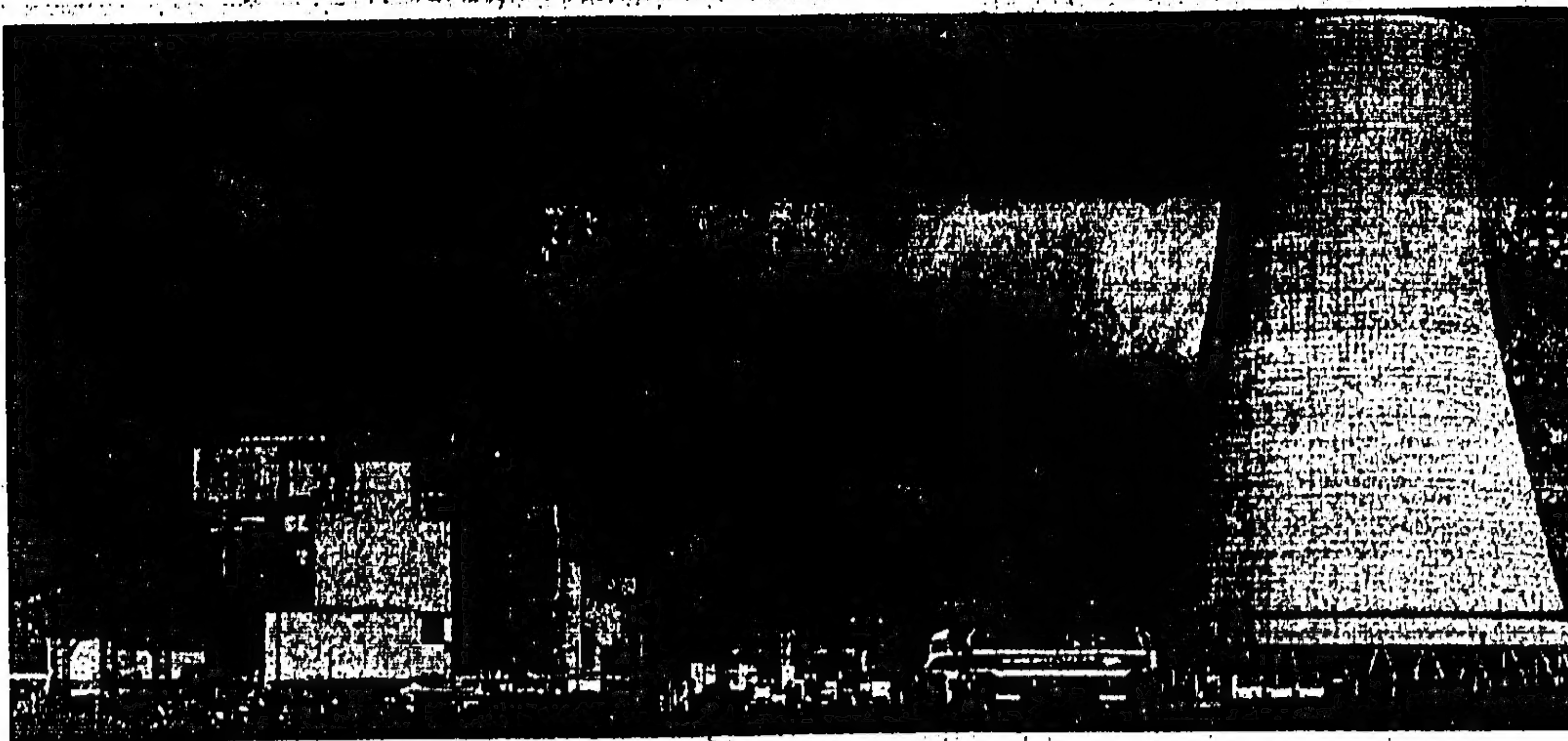
This "forecast" is restrained. It does not take into account the exciting possibility of really slashing the cost of electrical power raised by new experiments at Harwell.

The Harwell atom men have devised a means of operating atomic furnaces at far higher temperatures than was ever possible with coal. This should increase their efficiency and reduce their running costs.

Again, industry will face a formidable challenge in attempting to produce metal parts and materials to stand up to the intense heat. But again the engineers are confident of success.

Calder Hall, and even the giant power stations now being built, will soon seem as crude as George Stephenson's "Rocket."

But there is little doubt that the bigger and better atom stations of the future will be designed first and built first by British industry.



Against the sky, the atomic plant... and what it means to YOU in terms of power—and money saved. And now read this stirring story...

REPORT FROM WASHINGTON

John Brown's body is a'turning in the grave

AT least once before, a US President has sent Federal troops into a state against the wishes of the Governor. It happened in the Pullman strike of 1894. And it left the nation gasping and divided, angry and applauding.

When President Eisenhower, acting under the authority of a law of 1891, did it, it left the nation divided again. But, this time, there was far more bewilderment than anger and far more uneasiness than applause.

The President had swung from a policy of doing nothing at all to a policy involving the most drastic action it is within the power of a President to take.

Only two months ago, he said: "I cannot imagine any set of circumstances which would ever induce me to send Federal troops... into any area to enforce the orders of a Federal court."

Misjudged

Two months ago, most Americans, too, could not imagine any President getting himself into a situation like the one President Eisenhower has worked himself into.

In his speech to the nation, the President blamed demagogues and imported agitators for the violence which finally led him to send paratroops into Little Rock, Arkansas, and put

him in a state of something like open war with Governor Orval Faubus.

So far as observers in Little Rock could make out, he was right. You cannot, of course, stop rioters in the act of rioting and ask for their address; but there seemed no doubt that agitators had been imported from these parts of Arkansas where the race issue is deep and bitter.

Propaganda

But it was, after all, a little riot. The numbers behind it were small. The people of Little Rock were not themselves in a state of frenzied hysteria or anything like it.

By doing nothing at a time when the situation could have been solved by a firm statement of principle and intention, the President allowed plenty of time for a pretty professional and carefully staged riot, where threat appeared much bigger than it was.

He also put himself and the Supreme Court on trial before a world which watched and read hungrily every word from Little Rock.

He was hemmed in and he had to act—to take large, and constitutionally dangerous, action far out of proportion to the importance either of Governor Faubus or of the ignorant rioters who appeared simple men crazed by carefully organised propaganda.

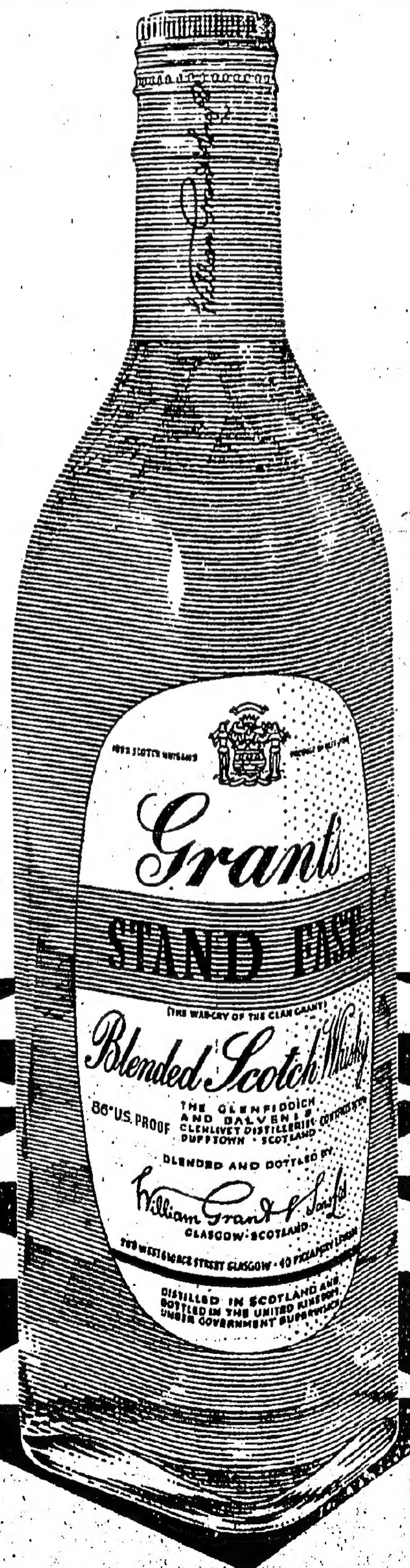
by ALEXANDER BROAD

It's an old friend

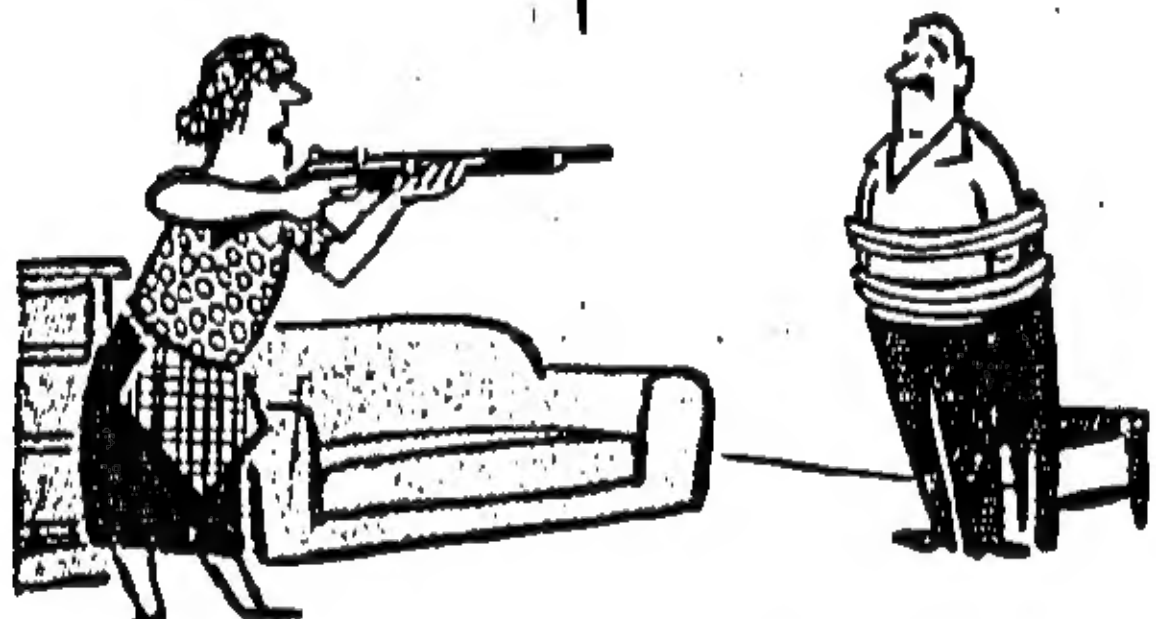
Grants

STAND FAST
SCOTCH WHISKY

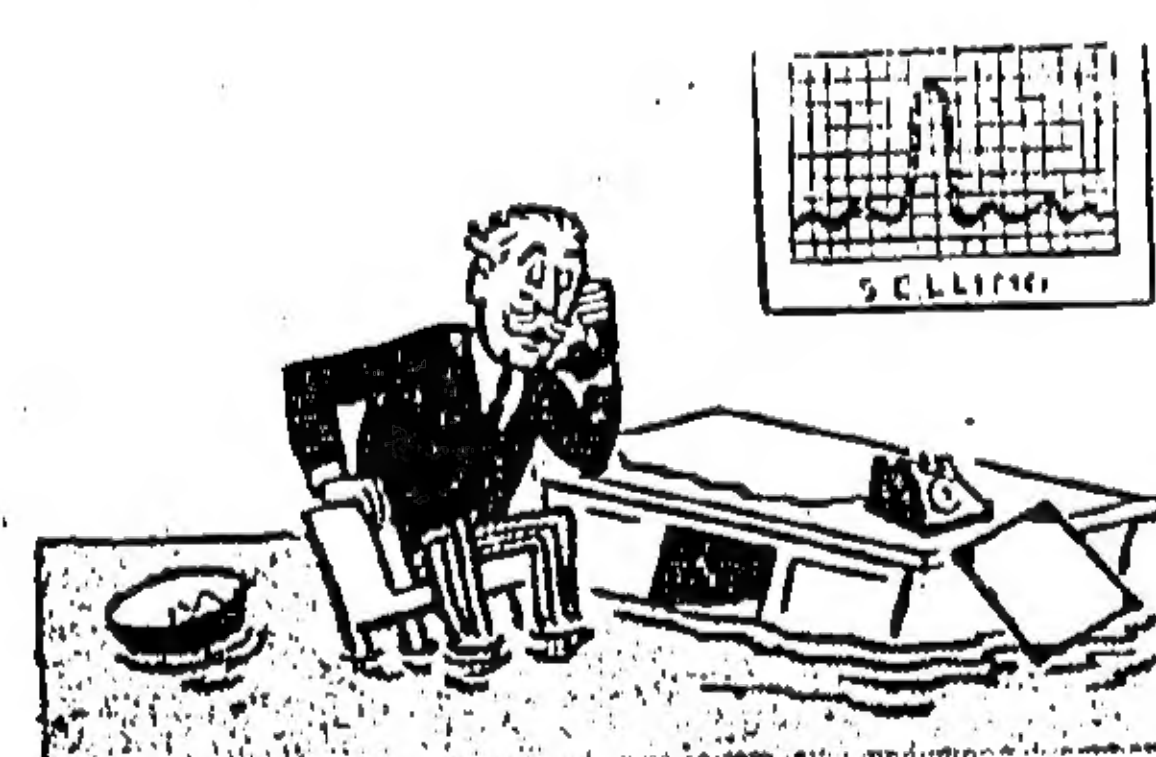
... now in the
tall triangular
bottle



WEEKEND Friell



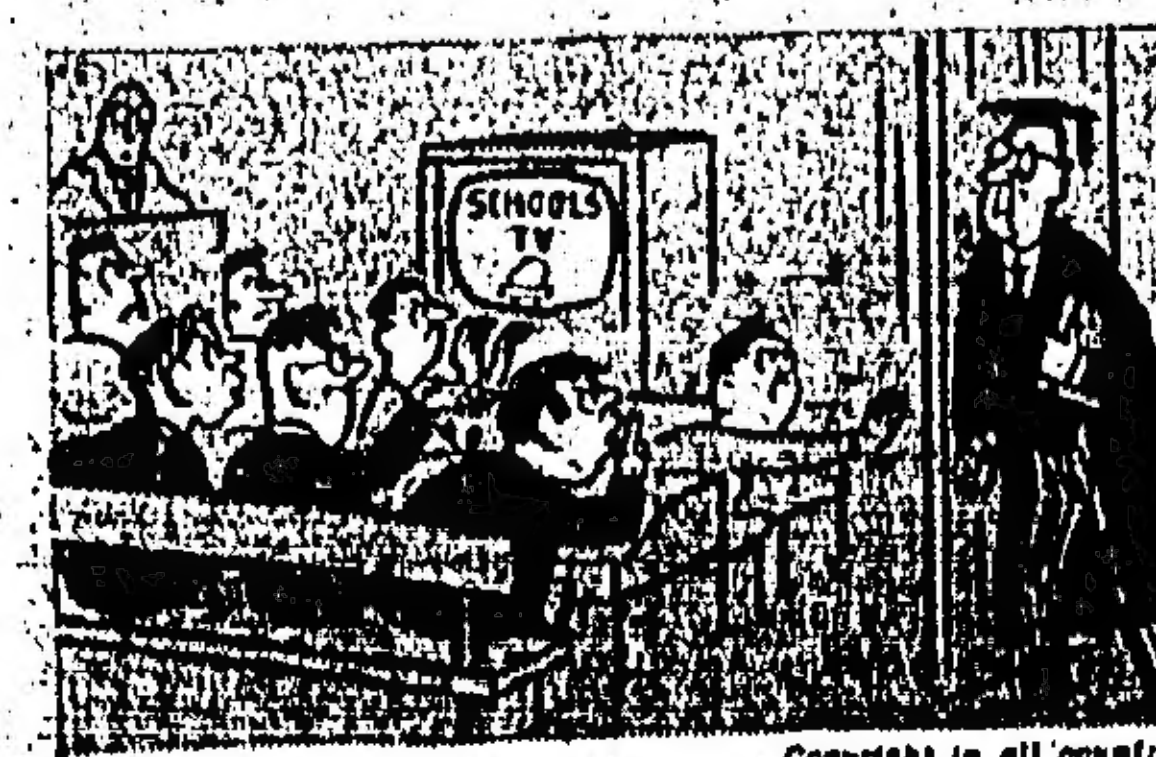
"The Archbishop says a man who doesn't tell his wife what he earns is a traitor, traitor."



"You are quite sure there is no leak... good... I'll pass it on."



"Perhaps we'd better hold this over for a little while."



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Agents: L. HENDON & CO. (HK) LTD., 1 QUEEN'S ROAD (CENTRAL) HONG KONG



In the spider's web GENE gets his TAINA... but mind that club Pal with KAY

SHOW PAGE COMMAND PERFORMANCE

the Queen said
"No . . .
too long!"

of the title is blown up, probably wouldn't have been so dull.

But it lasts for over two hours.

When the Queen found out she asked for a shorter one to be substituted; and the film that she will now see on November 4 will be the new Cole Porter musical "Les Girls".

Running just under two hours, and owing much of its success to producer/actor Gene Kelly, this looks like being just about the leggiest Royal Performance film ever.

For its story of an international dance troupe on tour makes much of three of the film - world's most glamorous dancing girls - America's Mitzi Gaynor, Britain's Kay Kendall, and new French discovery Taina Elg. Mitzi and Kay have been making tired business men's

hearts beat faster for some time now (though it's Kay's first musical since her debut ten years ago in "London Town" with Sid Field) but for Finnish born, ballet trained Taina, this is the big chance.

And if it does shoot her to stardom, she'll be following in the footsteps of another French girl whom Gene Kelly boosted to the top.

Who, before "An American in Paris" had heard of Leslie Caron?

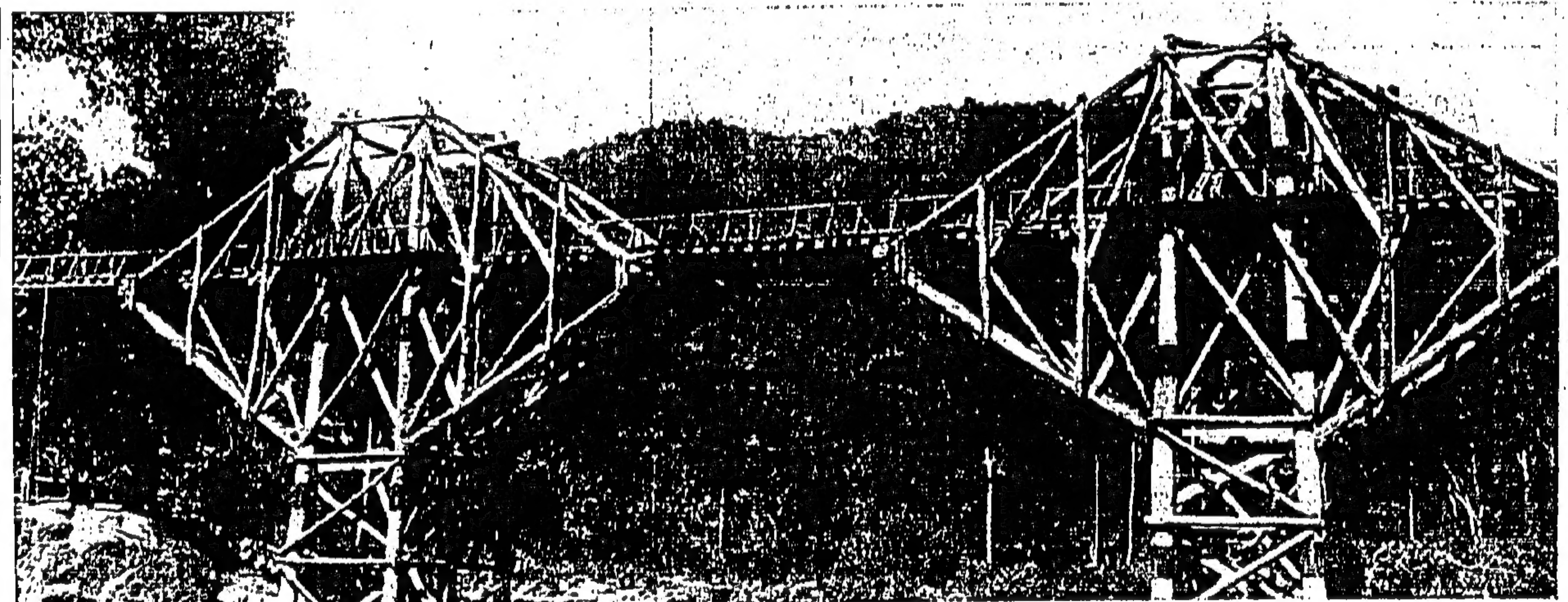
In any case this looks like being the gayest Royal Film Performance in years.

And if it should turn out to be dull, at least—thanks to the Queen—it will be short.

GENE KELLY shows 'em off . . . (from the left) MITZI, KAY, and TAINA.



Would you think that THIS



IT is just a wooden bridge spanning a river gorge in the smelly, festering heart of the Siamese jungle.

It is not very long. It is quite ugly.

Yet this is a bridge which, for one, will never forget.

It has helped to turn a film called **THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI** into one of the finest, most exciting, and shattering films I have ever seen.

—could be the centre of something so tremendous!

by LEONARD MOSLEY

It starts life as a jumble of logs and bamboo laths lying on a river bank, but by the time it has spanned the turbulent waters beneath it the Kwai Bridge has become almost a living being, and you feel a pang in your heart when it finally dies a spectacular death.

and lives to regret it. His fellow officers are hung into a punishment hut. He himself is brutally beaten and put in a contraption known as The Oven. He is told that he can come out when he consents to work. There begins a duel between Guinness and Hayakawa to see who will break first. The Japanese has to have his bridge, ready in time, or he will have to kill himself. Guinness has to face torture.

plastic explosives to the struts of the bridge. They wait for dawn, and the arrival of the first Japanese train. And just as it is heading the last mile through the jungle, Guinness, proud as a peacock at this wonderful bridge, looks over the side and sees the detonator line.

Great film

Cruelty

The time is 1943, and long lines of British prisoners have marched from Singapore to the Siamese jungles to work for the Japanese on the infamous Railway of Death.

One battalion, led by their colonel (Alec Guinness), though they are weak, wounded, and disgruntled, march whistling into camp, not quite realising what they are in for.

An American prisoner (William Holden) tries to enlighten them, but Guinness is an orthodox regular soldier with a firm faith in the Geneva Convention.

He thinks he and his men will get justice. Instead they get brutalised cruelly from the camp commander (Sessue Hayakawa). Guinness and his fellow-officers are ordered to join the other ranks in building the bridge across the River Kwai.

Guinness cites the Convention—that officer prisoners shall not be subject to manual labour—

In the end in one of the most piquantly perceptive pieces of film drama I have seen, the Japanese commander gives way. And at once Guinness, back in command of his men, plunges enthusiastically to work.

He cannot see that, in helping to make a good bridge and doing it in time, he is helping the enemy. All he can think of is that, by giving his men something to do, and persuading them to do it well, he is keeping up their morale, and also showing the Japanese how much more efficient the British are than the Nips.

Explosives

So the bridge is built. But meanwhile, in Ceylon, intelligence has heard about the Kwai Bridge, and orders go out to destroy it.

Commander, led by Jack Hawkins and Holden, parachute into the jungle and make their agonising way to the River Kwai. In the night they attach

What—someone going to blow up my beautiful bridge? he whispers to himself. He cannot bear it. Monomaniac that he is, he has to stop the sabotage.

So he rushes down, with the Japanese behind him, to stop the commandos from doing their job.

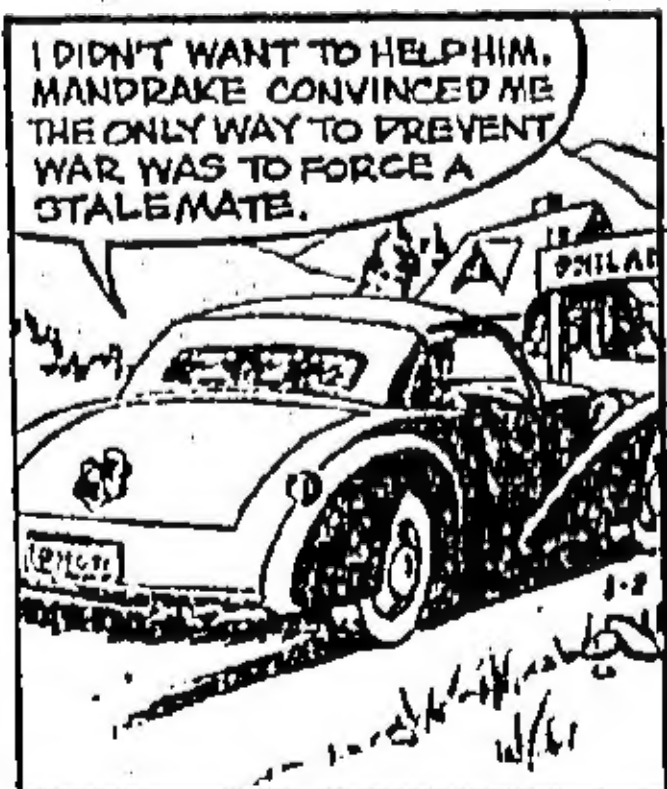
Will they be able to blow it in time? For 25 minutes by the watch on my trembling wrist, director David Lean keeps you in suspense—the most shattering 25 minutes of my film-going life.

Then, with a roar that is also a groan, the detonator is pressed, and the bridge on the River Kwai is smashed to pieces, just as the Jap train is passing across.

As I watched it split and fall to the river, it was like seeing an old friend die—and a part of me died along with it.

No, I shall never forget the bridge on the River Kwai, nor the great film which tells the story of its life and death.

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WEEK-END WOMANSENSE YOU CAN STILL BE SMART

Without The 'Sack'

The 'sack' is only one of many current fashion lines, and if it is too extreme for your taste you can still be smart by wearing up-to-date accessories and fashionable fabrics and by introducing couture detail interest into more conventional styles.

If you are among the many thousands of women who like to keep abreast of fashion and yet wear clothes which are attractive and flattering, you have probably been greatly disheartened by photographs of the latest models this season.

However, it is a strange fact that the clothes which hit the headlines are rarely truly representative of the general fashion trend. In fact, they are often merely designed to attract publicity.

If you feel that the latest lines are too extreme for your taste or if you are working on a strict budget which will not permit you to buy clothes which may look very dated next season, there are a number of ways in which you can still keep up with fashion and fulfill all the other requirements.

Firstly, there are accessories. These can be used to bring last year's outfit right up to date with a minimum outlay. Of these, hats are the most important and from the turban, berets of varying sizes, 'wind-socks', helmets and 'back-of-the-head' clothes, you can surely find something to suit you. Next in importance come handbags. While the deep bag with a strap is still to be seen, the newest type is like an enlarged, clip-top purse. Incidentally, in Italy fur is being widely used for accessories rather than for trimmings.

Secondly, there is the choice of fabric. One of the most important fabrics this season is wool-tweed — not the hard, coarse type, but that with a soft rustic appearance and good draping qualities. It can be in a plain colour or can have another colour or colour to give it a flecked, streaked or boucle appearance.

As regards coat fabrics, one of the most popular (in Italy, at least) is duvetine. This heavy fabric is ideal for the current trend in coats, which emphasises the importance of the back by various effects such as double folds, blousing, gathers, drapes and flares.

For suits this season, the regular fabric choice of Italian women is a Cheviot-type wool fabric with a canvas weave. Beautifully soft to the touch, it adapts itself well to the new suit jackets, which are slightly indented at the front and loose or flaring at the back. These fabrics nearly always have a number of well-blended colours to give a 'shot' effect. For instance, green, bronze, brown and black are combined together, or blue, red, black and gold. Other attractive colour

combinations are brown, violet, green and blue, violet, green and grey.

Shetland-type fabrics in plain colours such as dark red, ruby red, sage green, peacock blue and the neutral tones are much used for dresses and two-piece ensembles, while for the wide comfortable sports coat, glen plaid, herringbone-patterned tweed and houndstooth checked wool are among the chosen fabrics.

Thirdly, there is detail interest. Even the most extreme model usually has some original detail interest well worth copying for use on a less startling style. Such ideas can be used to bring some of the clothes in your wardrobe up to date or they can be incorporated in new clothes which you make for yourself or have made. It is these little touches that make all the difference to a model and, indeed, it is often the only means employed by a couturier for altering designs from one season to the next.

Here is some information on the detail interest of models from Italian designers which you might care to adapt for your own use.

Let us take collars first. In many cases, they are absent altogether, but when they do appear they take a variety of forms. Sometimes they are wide and flat, even covering the shoulders. Some stand up, while others are rounded. On some coats, bold revers are attached below bare necklines while some dresses feature round oval or draped necklines.

Sleeves are mainly wide and rather short. The smartest are bracelet-length and without cuffs or buttons. The kimono sleeve is seen again and again. Armholes, too, are wide and dropped.

Buttons are quite an important feature of many models this season and they tend to be large and flat on coats, and small and round on suit jackets. On some dresses and suits they are concealed behind a double-fold of fabric, and on other models they are used to emphasise style points. Bows, too, are used for the latter purpose.

Pockets are not much in evidence. Patch pockets are only seen on sports coats while pockets on the loose full-topcoats are mainly of the slit type. Many models have none at all.

Knitwear trimmings are very fashionable at the moment both on sports garments and on coats and suits. Such trimmings are usually confined to the collar and cuffs which are hand or machine-knitted with a bold stitch in a heavy long-haired wool. Knitwear is also being used for belts and handbags.



MARUCELLI: A stand-away, turned-down collar is one of the main features of this dress. FABIANI: Collarless and straight, this coat has a mock knotted belt at the waist. VENEZIANI: Black knitted braid is used to trim the collar, revers and pockets of this coat in herringbone tweed. CAROSA: This coat in heavy tweed is dominated by a stand-away collar which covers the shoulders. SIMONETTA: A small buttoned-on belt at the collar and another at hem at the back of this wool velvet coat draw attention to the deep inverted pleat running down the centre back. CAPUCCI: The cross-over bodice of this dress is emphasised by a large flat bow. SIMONETTA: In this tweed suit, the classic jacket is replaced by an overblouse with a wide flat collar. SARGI: Here, the helmet-style hat is in the same checked tweed as the dress. ANTONELLI: The unusual detail interest at the front of this short, unfitted, black wool crepe suit jacket, is edged with satin.

Protect me from these WHITE WEDDINGS

IT'S supposed to be the Greatest Day in a Girl's Life... but tell me bluntly: Is there ANYBODY who enjoys a white wedding? I am one — and there must be millions — whose heart drops a notch when that white invitation card with silver bells is popped through the letter box.

Just let's forget the sentiment attached to a wedding — and look at it coolly.

As a party, it's the world's worst. Whether it is at Claridge's, W.I. a church hall in Stoke, or a hired house in Chelsea (30 guineas for the day with a view of Battersea Power Station) the trappings are the same.

THE SCRUM

We wouldn't tolerate them at any other kind of party. There's a queue a mile long to get into the reception. You're known all your life. She stands there, dazed and uncommunicative in the most maidenly frock she has worn

since she left school, eyeing the clock and wondering how soon she can get away to change.

The reception knocks any cocktail party into a grey topper — for sheer discomfort. A tight-packed room, women's hats in for air in their hired morning suits; drinks coming very slowly — partly because the waiters can't get through, partly because the caterer is spinning out his ration of three a head. Every olive and nut has to be fought for, and you discover, too late, that the bride's party-boy — since removed from the party — got to the chocolate mousse first.

THE TALK FLAGS

But what really kills the party spirit are the people. The hotch-potch of strangers — second cousins, business acquaintances, possible god-parents, the doctor who 'delivered' the bride, the blackmailing old aunt who holds the family veil of Brussels lace. No wonder the conversation flags. No wonder the wine-cup tastes acid — and so many guests go home with a cracking headache. Do the bride's family enjoy the wedding? I bet if the parents are sentimental people they get their full happiness

when the last guest has gone — when they agree it all went off very well, picture of the bride as a little girl. And their main emotion? Thankfulness... that the two months of planning and arguing are over. It only needs a wedding — and the mildest of families spills into opposing camps.

Men argue about the drinks; women argue about the dresses; children just argue: "Well, if I carry her train — why can't I go on the honeymoon?"

And at the end of it all there is The Bill. Now whether it is £800 for a reception in Mayfair — or £100 in a suburb... I'd suggest that it would be put to better use if it were handed over to the bride couple to buy a car, some furniture, a luxury honeymoon — or even to spend on a house-warming party when they get back.

STREAMLINED

This would be a party — with the bride looking twice as radiant (I never saw a bride who honestly looked her best on the Green Day) with no

nervous tension and no warm fetti in her path all the way to church — although, as we are all aware, there is nothing that stirs up the acid in the clergy like a spoon or two of litter.

The only wedding I really enjoyed was celebrated in a private room at London Airport. It was completely modern and streamlined. Twenty of us, all on speaking terms, ate a delicious buffet meal, flown over from a Paris restaurant that morning.

The bride wore a silk suit which was also her going-away suit — if you step from the reception straight into a clean silver airplane that's possible.

I'd like to suggest that we tailor our weddings to suit the times.

Let's burn those wedding etiquette books. One of them still recommends that the bride's Sunday school class should scatter on



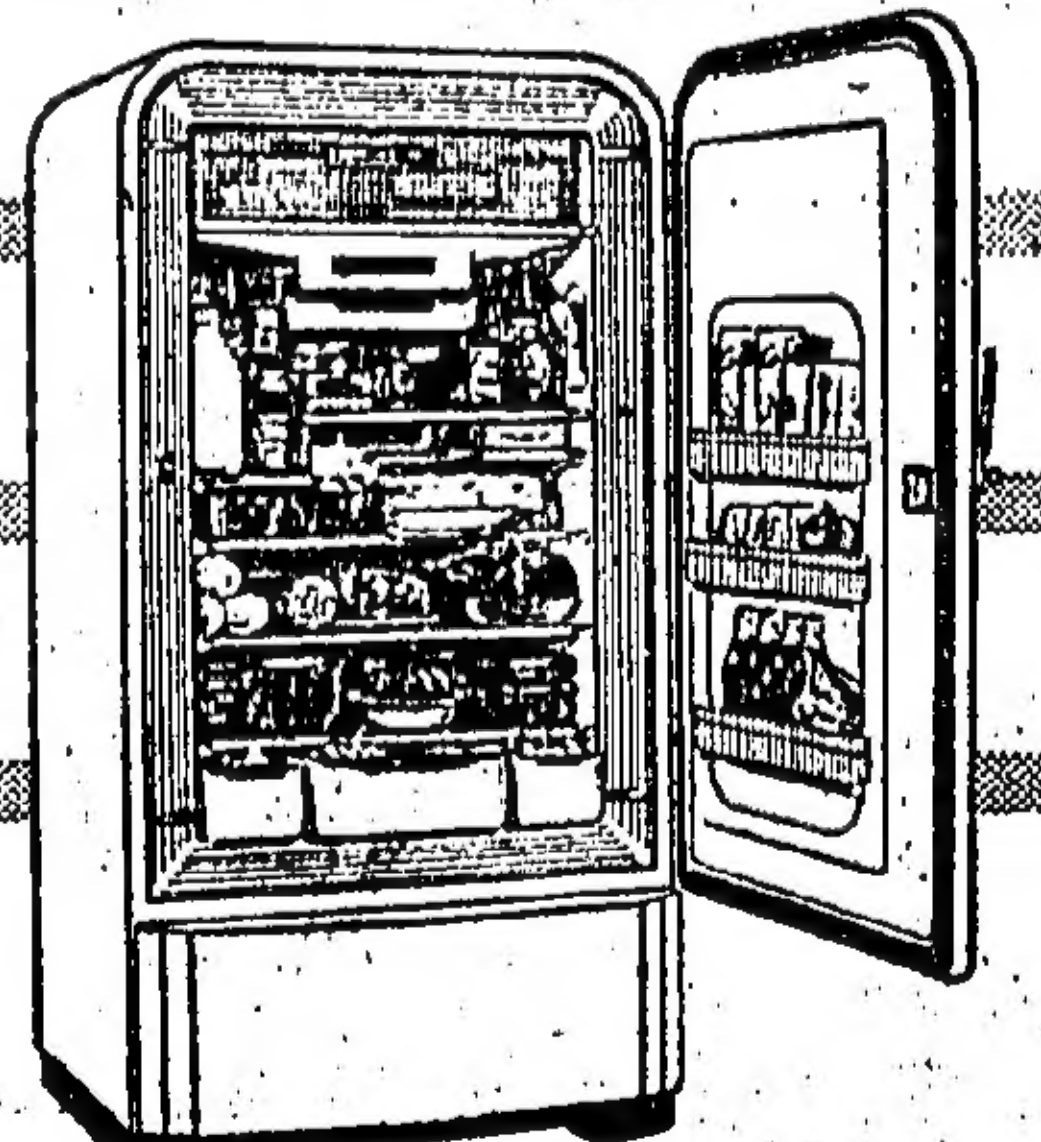
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ST JOHN'S: Above, the family line-out when Gloria Choy became Mrs Luk Sze-shing.
ROSARY: Left, lace and roses and Henry Stewart and Sylvia Alarcon.
ST JOHN'S: Below, Suffolk and Sussex spliced by Paul Taylor (BAT) and Brenda Smith.

Staff Photographers



LEFT: Past and present students of Northcote Training College raise funds for a new school with a Cantonese adaption of Shaw's "Arms and the Man" at Queen's College Hall.

FIND YOUR OWN FACES... at (BELOW) the Union Church Bazaar.

Staff Photographers



FAMILIAR FACES at the Congregation... Sir Shouson Chow, Professor F. S. Drake, and the Vice-Chancellor Dr L. T. Ridd.

Staff Photographer



ABOVE: Mrs R. G. Nowton shaking hands with Mrs R. S. Oolman at a cocktail reception given by the National Cash Register Company.

BELOW: The Double Tenth passes and no heads broken... a negative achievement by the Hongkong Police of the first order, and reason for congratulation all round.

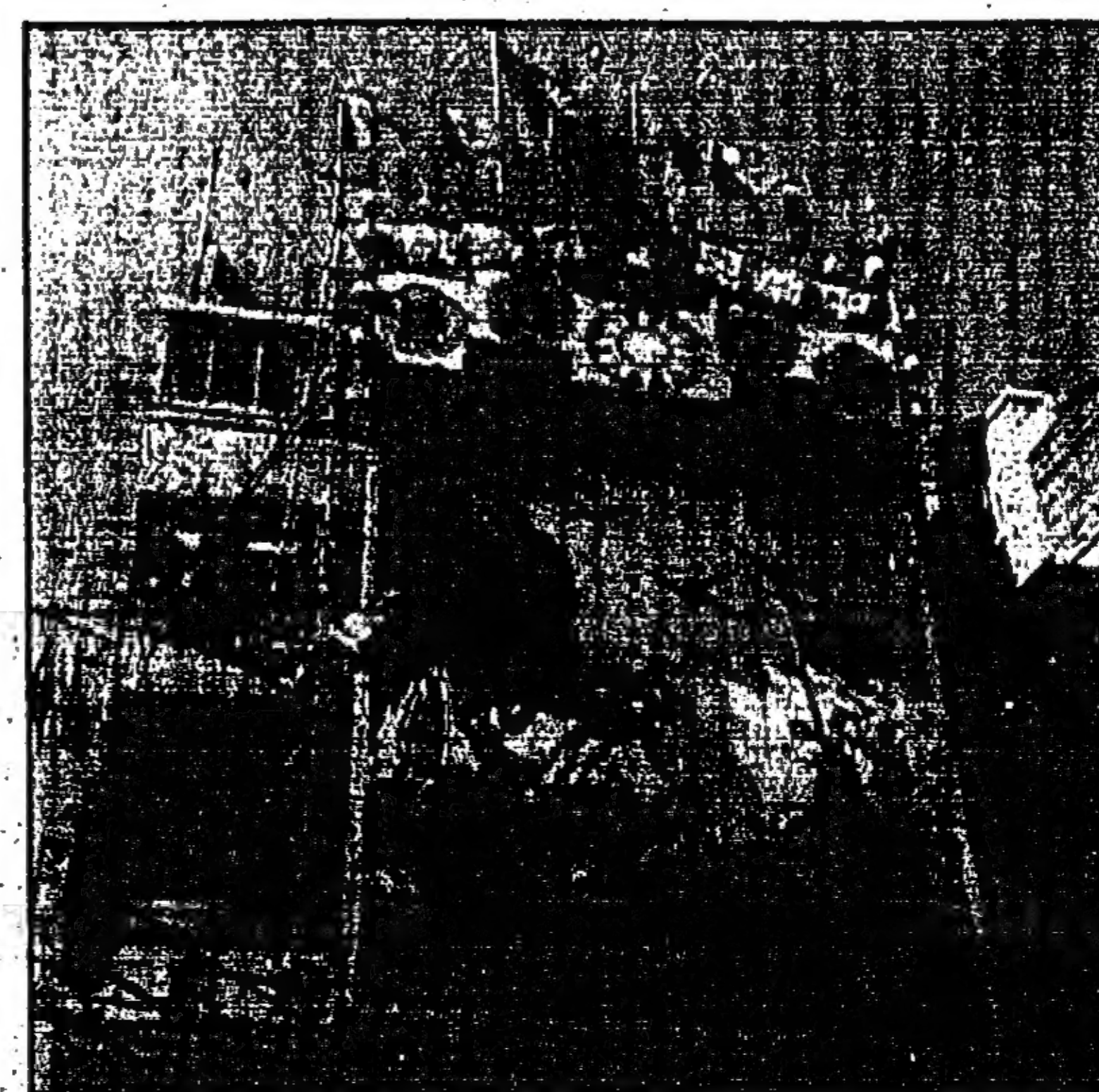
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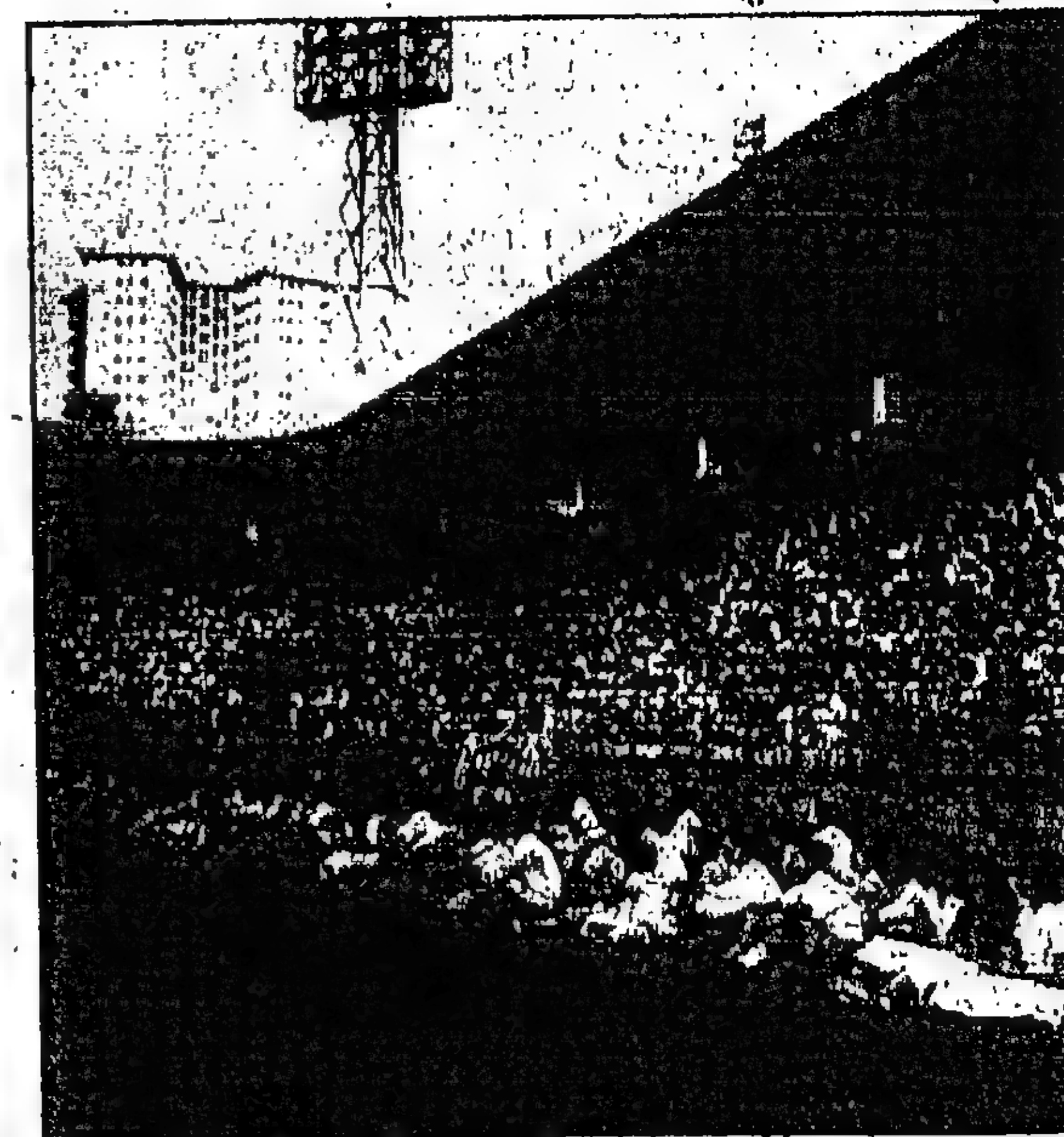
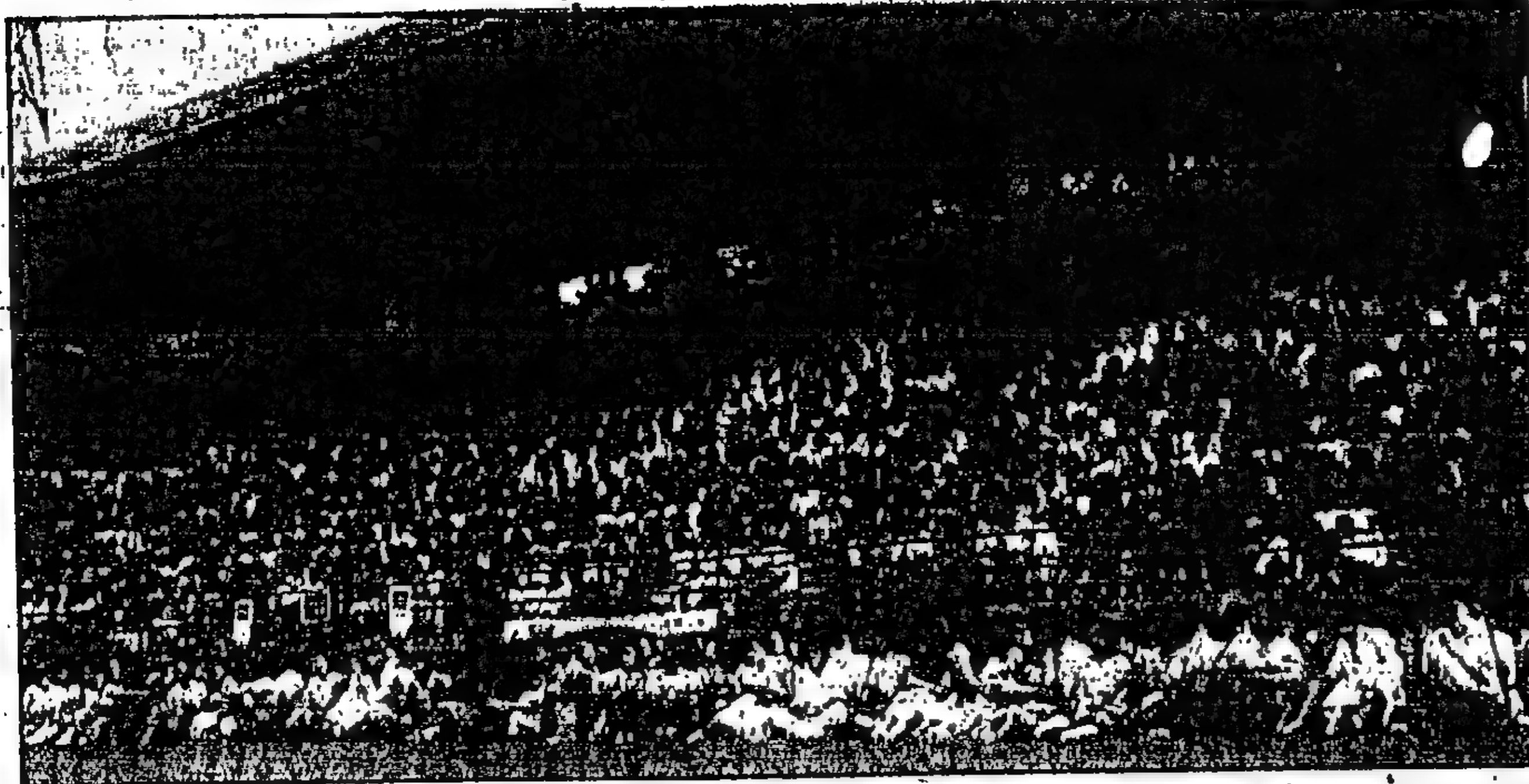
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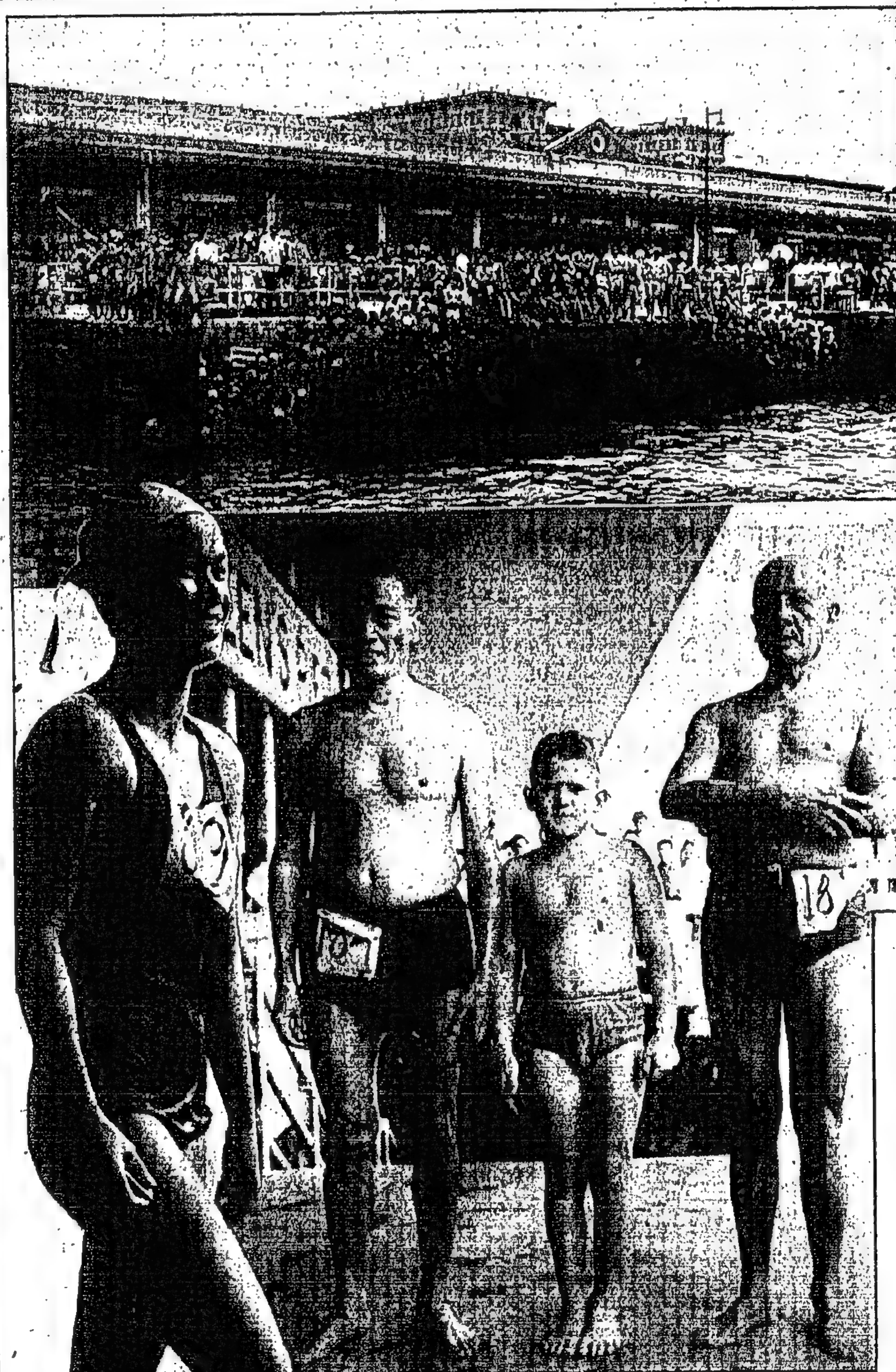
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MARIAN ANDERSON divided honours with the Annual Cross Harbour race as "Event of the Week." At two recitals she was seen and heard by more than 11,000 people. Tickets for the indoor recital at the Queen's Theatre were sold out before her arrival in Hongkong. But thanks to remarkably modulated amplification (the loudspeakers are all there under the platform she is standing on) thousands who crowded the Hongkong Football Club stands thought they heard her unaided voice fill the stadium.

STAFF PHOTOGRAPHERS



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CROSS HARBOUR RACE

South China's "Little Dynamo" Wan Shiu-ming (20) raced in ahead of the 498 contestants in the Annual Cross Harbour race 21 minutes-19 seconds after the great plunge from the Kowloon Public Pier, and retained his title.

But a slim schoolgirl Au Yuen-ling (16), who touched in first of the ladies in 24 minutes 18.4 seconds, won the greatest interest of the day, and beat last year's champion and record holder Anne Oliver.

Others in the event included the seven-year-olds Kung Ling-fock (No. 142—coming up with her father) and Stewart Macfarlane (No. 729—perhaps he is wearing his number behind); and the old men of the party Man Kon-chi (aged 65—with hair), and Shiu Ting-kwai (aged 69—without).

STAFF PHOTOGRAPHERS

Van Heusen

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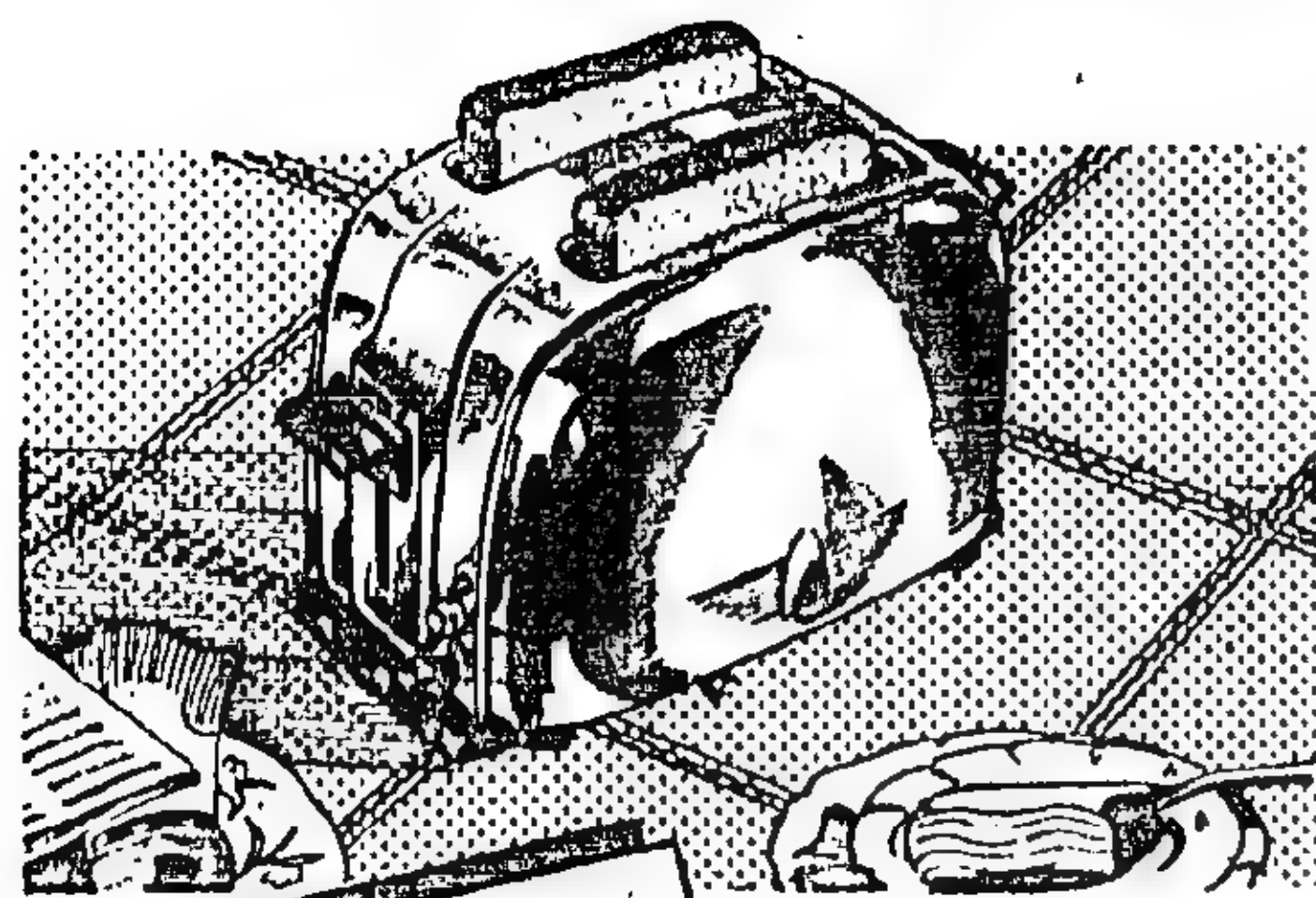
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PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT
Short Sleeved Blouse With Cowl Collar

MATERIALS NEEDED: Mercerized Cotton, 6 balls for each size. 1 pair each Milwards 'Disc' Knitting Needles No. 10 and No. 18.

TENSION: 8 sts and 12 rows = 1 in. (2.5 cm.) measured over pattern after pressing.

MEASUREMENTS: To fit Bust size 34 in. and 36 in. (86.5 cm. and 91.5 cm.). Length from Shoulder 21½ in. (54.5 cm.).

ABBREVIATIONS: K—knit; P—purl; st(s)—stitch(es); c.th.—a piece of coloured thread; T—turn; tog—together; sl—slip.

Instructions are given for size 34 in. (86.5 cm.). Changes necessary for larger size are given in brackets.

NOTE: Tension Sample: It is most important to knit a tension sample first, as on it will depend the accuracy of the final measurements. Work a tension sample, 2 in. (5 cm.) square, following the pattern. Dip the sample in water or a slight starch solution, roll in a towel to remove the surplus moisture, then pin it out, wrong side upwards, on a piece of graph paper, matching the straight of the knitting to the vertical and horizontal lines of the graph paper. Press firmly with a medium hot iron on a dry cloth until the sample is dry. Count out and mark with pins 2 in. (5 cm.) vertically and horizontally in the centre of the sample. If the number of stitches and rows is different from that quoted as the correct tension of the garment, the tension of the knitting must be altered and a new sample produced.

Back

With No. 13 needles, cast on 128 (130) sts.

1st Row: P.

2nd Row: K.

3rd Row: Change to No. 10 needle, P.

4th Row: Change to No. 10 needle K2, * cross next 2 sts as follows: pull second st over first, K this st, then K first st; repeat from * to last 2 sts, K2.

5th Row: Change to No. 10 needle, P.

6th Row: Change to No. 13 needle, K.

7th and 8th Rows: As 5th and 6th rows. (These last 8 rows form pattern).

9th to 26th Row: Repeat 3rd to 8th row 3 times more.

27th Row: Decrease one st at both ends. Continue keeping continuity of pattern until 44th row is worked.

45th Row: As 27th row.

46th Row: Work in pattern.

47th Row: P4 (8), * P2tog, P4; repeat from * ending P2tog, P4 (8).

48th to 56th Row: Work in pattern.

57th Row: Decrease one st at both ends.

58th to 60th Row: Work in pattern. Repeat last 4 rows twice more.

61th Row: As 57th row. 90 (104) sts.

70th Row: Mark both ends with c.th. (Waistline).

71st to 80th Row: Work in pattern.

81st Row: Increase one st at both ends.

82nd to 90th Row: Work in pattern. Repeat last 10 rows twice more.

111th Row: As 81st row.

112th to 116th Row: Work in pattern.

117th Row: P4 (8), increase one st by picking up and purling the loop below the next st. (P2, increase one) 14 times, P12, (increase one, P3) 14 times, increase one, P4 (8), 134 (142) sts.

118th Row: Work in pattern.

119th Row: Increase one st at both ends.

120th to 126th Row: Work in pattern. Repeat last 8 rows 8 times more.

167th Row: As 119th row. 148 (160) sts.

168th to 170th Row: Work in pattern.

Armhole Shaping

171st to 174th Row: Cast off 2 (3) at beginning, decrease one st at end.

175th to 178th Row: Decrease one st (cast off 2) at beginning, decrease one st at end.

179th Row: Decrease one st at both ends.

180th to 182nd Row: Work in pattern. Repeat last 4 rows 3 times more.

183th Row: As 179th row.

184th to 202nd Row: Work in pattern.

203rd Row: As 179th row.

204th to 213th Row: Work in pattern.

214th Row: Mark both ends with c.th.

215th Row: Increase one st at both ends.

216th to 220th Row: Work in pattern. Repeat last 6 rows twice more.

233rd Row: As 215th row. (124 sts).

234th Row: Work in pattern.

Neck Shaping

235th Row: P54, cast off 16, P to end. Work one side of neck on 54 sts.

236th Row: Decrease one st at end. (neck edge).

237th Row: Cast off 3, work to end.

238th Row: As 236th row.

239th Row: Cast off 2, work to end.

Shoulder Shaping

240th and 241st Rows: Cast off 2 at beginning, decrease one st at end.

242nd Row: Decrease one st at both ends.

243rd to 245th Row: As 240th row.

246th to 253rd Row: Repeat 242nd to 245th row twice more.

254th Row: As 242nd row.

255th Row: As 240th row.

256th Row: Cast off last 3 sts. Join cotton at neck edge and work remaining 54 sts.

257th Row: Cast off 3, work to end.

258th Row: Decrease one st at end. Now complete to correspond with other side.

Front

Work same as Back for 24 rows.

25th Row: Decrease one st at both ends.

26th to 38th Row: Work in pattern.

39th Row: As 25th row.

40th to 46th Row: Work in pattern.

47th Row: P6 (10), P2tog, * P10, P2tog, repeat from * ending with P6 (10).

48th to 50th Row: Work in pattern.

51st Row: Decrease one st at both ends. Repeat last 4 rows 4 times more.

52th and 53th Rows: Work in pattern.

70th Row: Mark both ends with c.th. (Waistline).

71st to 76th Row: Work in pattern.

77th Row: Increase one st at both ends.

78th to 84th Row: Work in pattern. Repeat last 8 rows 4 times more.

117th Row: P7 (11), increase one st, P2, (increase one) 20 times, P7, (increase one, P2) 20 times, increase one, P7 (11).

118th to 120th Row: Work in pattern.

121st Row: Increase one st at both ends.

122nd to 128th Row: Work in pattern.

129th Row: As 121st row. 158 (166) sts.

130th to 132nd Row: Work in pattern.

Darts

133rd Row: P to last 4 sts, T as follows: yarn back, sl next st from left on to right needle, yarn forward, replace slipped st on left needle, turn.

134th Row: K to last 4 sts, T as follows: yarn forward, sl next st from left on to right needle, yarn back, replace slipped st on left needle, turn.

135th and 136th Rows: Work to last 6 sts, T.

137th and 138th Rows: Work to last 10 sts, T.

139th and 140th Rows: Work to last 12 sts, T.

141st and 142nd Rows: Work to last 14 sts, T.

143rd and 144th Rows: Work to last 16 sts, T.

145th and 146th Rows: Work to last 18 sts, T.

147th and 148th Rows: Work to last 20 sts, T.

149th and 150th Rows: Work to last 22 sts, T.

151st and 152nd Rows: Work to last 24 sts, T.

153rd and 154th Rows: Work to last 26 sts, T.

155th and 156th Rows: Complete all turns by picking up loop at each T and purling (or knitting) it with the st at the T.

157th and 158th Rows: Work to last 8 sts, T.

159th and 160th Rows: Complete turns as given.

161st to 166th Row: Work in pattern.

167th Row: Decrease one st at both ends.

168th to 176th Row: Work in pattern.

177th Row: P48 (50), P2tog, P2, P2tog, P52, P2tog, P2, P2tog, P to end.

178th to 180th Row: Work in pattern.

181st Row: Decrease one st at both ends.

182nd Row: Work in pattern.

183rd Row: P44 (48), P2tog, P2, P2tog, P50, P2tog, P2, P2tog, P to end. 146 (164) sts.

184th to 186th Row: Work in pattern.

187th Row: P50 (53), cast off 28, P to end. Work one side on 50 (53) sts.

188th Row: Decrease one st at end. (neck edge).

189th Row: Cast off 11, work to end.

190th Row: Decrease one st at end.

191st Row: Cast off 2, work to end. Repeat last 2 rows once more.

194th Row: As 180th row.

Armhole

195th Row: Decrease one st at end.

196th Row: Cast off 6 (7), work to end.

197th Row: Decrease one st at both ends.

198th Row: Cast off 4 (5), work to end.

199th Row: As 197th row.

200th Row: Cast off 2 (3), work to end.

201st Row: Decrease one st at end.

202nd Row: Decrease one st (cast off 2), work to end.

203rd Row: Decrease one st at end.

204th to 210th Row: Work in pattern. Repeat last 8 rows once more.

210th Row: As 203rd row. (18 sts).

220th Row: Mark beginning of row with c.th.

221st to 224th Row: Work in pattern.

225th Row: Increase one st at end.

226th to 234th Row: Work in pattern. Repeat last 10 rows once more.

245th Row: As 225th row. (21 sts).

246th to 248th Row: Work in pattern.

Shoulder Shaping

249th Row: Decrease one st at end.

250th Row: Cast off 2, work to end.

251st to 260th Row: Repeat last 2 rows 5 times more.

261st Row: Cast off last 3 sts. Join cotton at neck edge and work remaining 50 (53) sts.

185th Row: Cast off 11, work to end.

189th Row: Decrease one st at end. Now complete to correspond with other side.

Collar

Start at centre back. Using c.th. and a No. 10 needle, cast on 24 sts. Now use Mercer-Crochet.

1st Row: With No. 10 needle, P to end.

2nd Row: With No. 13 needle, K to end.

3rd to 6th Row: As 3rd to 6th row of pattern.

Neck Shaping

7th Row: Work to last 7 sts, T.

8th to 11th Row: Work in pattern (complete T as given and on all specified rows throughout collar).

12th Row: Increase one st at beginning.

13th Row: As 7th row.

14th to 18th Row: Work in pattern. Repeat the last 6 rows once more.

25th to 36th Row: As 7th to 18th row. Repeat 7th to 12th row twice more.

40th to 53rd Row: As 14th to 18th row.

54th Row: As 12th row.

55th Row: As 7th row.

56th to 59th Row: Work in pattern.

60th Row: As 12th row.

61st Row: As 7th row.

62nd to 67th Row: Work in pattern.

68th Row: As 12th row. (31 sts).

69th to 72nd Row: Work in pattern.

73rd Row: As 7th row.

74th to 84th Row: Work in pattern. Repeat last 12 rows once more.

Shoulder

97th Row: Work to last 2 sts, T.

98th and following alternate rows: Work in pattern.

99th Row: Work to last 4 sts, T.

101st Row: Work to last 6 sts, T.

103rd Row: Work to last 8 sts, T.

105th Row: Work to last 10 sts, T.

107th Row: Work to last 12 sts, T.

109th Row: Work to last 16 sts, T.

111th Row: Work to last 18 sts, T.

113th Row: Work to last 20 sts, T.

115th Row: Complete turns. Mark end with c. th. for shoulder.

116th and 117th Rows: Work in pattern.

118th Row: K1, repeat from * on 2nd pattern row, K2.

119th to 150th Row: Work in pattern.

167th Row: Work to last 7 sts, T.



158th to 162nd Row: Work in pattern.

163rd Row: As 157th row.

164th to 175th Row: Work in pattern.

176th Row: Increase one st at beginning.

177th to 187th Row: Work in pattern. Repeat last 12 rows twice more.

212th Row: As 176th row.

213th Row to 216th Row: Work in pattern.

217th Row: As 157th row.

218th and 219th Rows: Work in pattern.

220th Row: As 118th row.

221st and 222nd Rows: Work in pattern.

223rd Row: As 157th row.

224th to 228th Row: Work in pattern.

229th Row: As 157th row.

230th and 231st Rows: Work in pattern.

Centre Front

232nd Row: As 118th row. Mark both ends of row with c. th.

233rd and 234th Rows: Work in pattern.

235th Row: Repeat 233rd to 234th row twice more.

THE OTHER SATELITES OF THE SOVIET

A NOTHER wave of collectivisation is sweeping Communist Europe. In August, 1957, the Czechoslovak leaders congratulated themselves on having passed the 50 per cent mark in socialising agriculture. The Bulgarian Government has announced that its programme of "Socialist reconstruction" in agriculture is virtually complete. Nearly nine-tenths of Bulgaria's arable land is now said to be tilled either by State or collective farms; and a campaign has begun to socialise as much as possible of the remaining tenth — mostly marginal mountainous areas. That Bulgaria should head the list in Europe for Soviet-style agriculture is food for thought. Perhaps it is not accidental that this record should be held by a country whose farming is among the most backward in Europe.

Redundant Men

Bulgaria's haste in following the Soviet pattern creates a signal paradox. One of the principal avowed aims of collectivisation is to release as many hands as possible from farming, and shift them to newly-built factories. Bulgaria, however, is the last country in need of extra man-power; she actually suffers from unemployment. Indeed, it has been reported that the Bulgarian Government has negotiated with other Communist Governments, in particular with Czechoslovakia, with a view of taking some of Bulgaria's redundant labour.

Czechoslovakia and East Germany, on the other hand, are two territories where an acute and chronic man-power deficit puts a brake on industrial development; and one can argue that they need an agrarian policy which must free some of their labour for work in industry.

In these two countries labour is a very scarce commodity, and consequently they must use it sparingly in agriculture, which implies replacing farm labour by labour-saving machinery. This is one of the reasons, apart from the doctrinaire Communist approach to agriculture, why the Czech and East German regimes feel obliged vigorously to renew the collectivisation campaign. Nevertheless one cannot have efficient agriculture under a system not congenial to the farmer. And this precisely is the basic dilemma of the Soviet-type collective.

Privilege Policy

Both the Czechoslovak and East German Communist regimes pursue an elaborate policy of privileges for the collective, which is, of course, tantamount to discrimination against individual farmers. In this way they hope to break down the peasant's resistance, but psychological resistance is as strong as ever.

When the East German Deputy Prime Minister, Ulbricht, visited a village near Schwerin and asked a peasant the reasons for his opposition to collectives, he received a frank answer: "We do not join because we are used to being free."

At least in one Communist-controlled country, experience has driven this lesson home. The failure of the Soviet-type collective has been frankly admitted in Poland and the myth of its superiority over individual farming exploded. It has been admitted that gross output per hectare was higher, by a fifth, on private farms than in the collective. And this despite the fact that the collectives enjoyed priority supplies of machinery, fertilisers and other means of production. The Soviet-type collectives in Poland collapsed after the October revolution, and the Polish Government has made some important concessions to the peasantry.

Provisionally assessing this year's satisfactory results in agriculture, the Polish paper *Trybuna Ludu* was able to point out recently that they were not only attributable to weather; the principal reason, the paper said, was the new agricultural policy.

by
ALFRED ZAUBERMAN



"New list of penalties for civil servants who disclose information about their work. Done any lately?"

Zanies of the Ring—1

By GILBERT ODD

The Real "McCoy"

ONE morning in April, 1940, a newspaper reporter walked into Detroit's Tuller Hotel. "They tell me Kid McCoy killed himself with an overdose of sleeping-pills here last night," he said to the desk clerk.

"Nope. It was a guy named Norman Selby who cashed out," came the reply. "The cops upstairs are satisfied. He signed a note with that name."

"Sure he did," said the reporter. "Norman Selby was his real name. But he was Kid McCoy, the great fighter. The real McCoy."

Just why the 37-year-old McCoy should take his own life will never be known for certain. He had certainly had a wonderful run for the past 50 years, even if he'd spent seven of them in San Quentin.

There he had been forced to behave himself, but he didn't mind. It had given him time to reflect on the highly adventurous life he'd led; to relax and look forward to the good times he could promise himself when he came out.

Everybody admired McCoy. Just nobody liked him—that is, no one in the fight game.

The women loved him. They fell for his handsome features, his slick tongue, and his winning ways. He married eight of them and he married another, while they he loved very much.

McCoy was born in Rush County, Indiana, in 1873. Little is known about his youth, because he rarely spoke about it. At seven, however, he had chosen pugilism as a profession. He looked the perfect physique and built up a body that saw him through 200 fights and 23 years of ring warfare.

Although he developed fine hitting muscles, McCoy didn't rely on brawn to win his contests. He studied footwork and ringcraft; he even invented punches.

One day he was looking down the barrel of a gun and noticed the rifling. "What's the big idea?" he asked.

Someone told him that the spirit grooves sent the bullet on its way straight, true, and with deadly power, making the rifle a devastating weapon.

"Zis so?" mused the Kid. For weeks he practised on a bug of cement, then tried out his new punch on an unsuspecting sparring partner. The result was so satisfactory that he used it in his next fight.

Instead of landing, McCoy stepped in, whipped his arm around, and gave his wrist a twist at the moment of impact. His opponent collapsed in a heap at his feet and the Left Hook had been born.

He won the world's welterweight title on a ruse. Two years earlier he had engaged himself as sparring partner to Tommy Ryan, the title-holder. When they were working together one day, he said: "Don't hit me too hard around the heart, Tommy. I can't take it there, and there's something wrong with me, but I must fight to get enough to live on."

Ryan was good-hearted, and when McCoy was suggested as a challenger by a Max Baer promoter he thought he was quite safe in taking the match.

But in the ring he found that McCoy could take it under the heart, over the heart, anywhere in fact. Nothing that Tommy

did could stop the Kid, who systematically cut the champion down and finally knocked him out in the 15th round.

When they picked Ryan up and carried him to his corner McCoy came over. "You've improved a lot since we sparred together," muttered Tommy through his broken lips.

"No, you met the real McCoy tonight," answered the new title-holder.

Being champion suited McCoy's vanity down to the ground. Now he could hit the high spots to his heart's content, lavish the ladies and indulge in champagne.

Two time and three times a week he was married to Lottie Fisher. She was his first wife and the Kid was 22. But a year later he was world champion and Lottie did not fit into the new picture. So he left her for an actress, Julia Woodruff.

She was the only woman he really fell for, but their wedded life was anything but blissful. She loved her fighter-husband, overlooked his faults and ways, and until his behaviour was so outrageous that she left him.

Twice the Kid got her back and they remarried, but their happiness was short-lived. You had to be a deaf, dumb, and blind angel to remain for long with McCoy.

Finally she ran away with another and less colourful man. The Kid was shocked and proceeded to divorce her. It was the only time he had the opportunity to take that dignified step.

After Julia had parted for good, McCoy decided that further matrimonial adventures would be solely for financial gain. He then set his cap at rich women — married, widowed, or otherwise. It was money for nothing.

Lillian Ellis was a millionaire's widow, and when she detached him after three or four comfortable years he married Mrs. Edna Valentine Hein, daughter of a silver king.

guts and guile

McCoy then opened a night club, but the police soon closed it. He tried various other risky ventures with the money his successful marriages provided. They all faded away like his numerous wives, and finally the Kid went bankrupt.

This meant a return to the ring, but now he found it even more necessary to use his brains. First living had played havoc with his stamina, so he had to depend more on his guile.

In the second round of his New York battle with Peter Maher the Kid stepped out of a clinch and pointed to the big Irishman's boot-tops. Peter looked down and over came a short right that ended hostilities for the evening.

When he was fighting, Harry Placks in Philadelphia the Kid used the same trick with a

variation. "Hey, Dutchie," he said, "pull your shorts up, you don't look decent."

Placks took a two-handed tug at his waist-band and went out like a light.

In Paris Jean Charlemont was making himself a nuisance, so McCoy began glancing out into the audience. "Say, Kead," queried the Frenchman. "What does it you look at in see saluery?"

"Oh, nothing," replied McCoy. "never let a woman"

"But you are always looking there," said the Kid. "If you must know, there's a beautiful girl up there that keeps waving to me. I don't know her, maybe you do?"

Charlemont fell for it. He looked over his shoulder in the direction indicated by the Kid and the next moment he was being brought out of a trance by his seconds.

Later in the dressing-room he asked mournfully: "Why did you do zat, Kead. It was not sporting."

"Let that be a lesson to you," replied McCoy. "Never let a woman turn your head."

Someone in the fighter's hotel lost a valuable necklace and the next day McCoy took a fast boat to Johannesburg.

His fame as a fighter had preceded him and it was not long before he was matched with a huge Kafir, who fought in his bare feet.

McCoy was in no condition to stay more than one round, and midway through the fight he manoeuvred the coloured man into the Kid's corner.

Suddenly his rival gave a yell and leapt into the air. When he came down McCoy hooked him heavily on the chin with a left and put him away for the full count.

tintack tactics

As soon as he had been announced as the winner the Kid jumped over the ropes and disappeared. And when they examined his corner they found the canvas bedewed with tintacks.

But don't imagine that McCoy's fighting career was all tricks and knockouts. He met the very best men of his day.

He beat such famous scrapers as Gus Ruhlin, Joe Goddard, Joe Chynski, and Dan Creedon, and only six people liked him, all of them big boys.

One was Tom Sharkey, the tough sailor, who gave Jeffries, Corbett, and Fitzsimmons such hard battles.

The Kid boxed rings round him in the early rounds and floored him with a quick left in the third. Tom jumped up in a dazed state and a straight right to the jaw dropped him again.

He just managed to beat the count this time and McCoy was robbed of victory by the sounding of the bell to end the round. Sharkey made a wonderful recovery in the interval.

McCoy's footwork was wonderful, but the sailor kept rushing him to the ropes, where he smashed away at the ribs. These blows reduced the Kid's round, and in the eighth he was put down by a dubious body blow for "alms".

A lot of the stuff had been knocked out of McCoy by this time, he tired rapidly, and when dropped in the tenth by another vicious punch to the midsection failed to beat the count.

He put up a wonderfully game fight against James J. Corbett for five rounds, in spite of being outwheeled by 10lb. and well outbreathed by the former heavyweight champion.

At the time of the Corbett defeat he was 27, and the following year he came to this country, where he knocked out Dave Barry, Jack Seales, and Jack Madden in an aggregate of seven rounds.

Back in America he went on fighting until 1914, when he paid another visit to Europe, beating Hubert Roe in Paris and Pelly Officer Curran at Nice.

Oh, for a drink!

It was August and it was very hot. The Kid was now 41 and it was a 20-rounder. Midway through the bout someone brought the time-keeper a whisky—and said, so what did McCoy do?

He went down near the ropes, and while the man with the song was reading off the count McCoy swiped his drink, tumbled up on the last second—and won on points.

Was started, and the old fighter joined the American forces and stayed in the Army until they finally threw him out. Reluctantly he took off his uniform and looked around for another meal-ticket.

Mrs Theresa Moers came to the rescue. She was wealthy and tired of her husband. The Kid volunteered to come in as substitute. After a while, realising that here was luxury to last him for the rest of his life, he proposed marriage for the eighth time, but Theresa pulled him off.

There were frequent quarrels, and one day a shot was heard in their apartment, and a few minutes later McCoy dashed into the street with a gun in his hand and ran to Mrs Moers' lucrative antique shop nearby.

There he held up the startled staff and customers, made the men remove their trousers, ransacked the cash register, shot one assistant in the leg, and rushed into the street again, shooting wildly as he ran.

a count of eight

When they caught up with him the Kid was acting like a crazy man, and when they put him in the box to answer a murder charge he pleaded temporary insanity, saying that he had shot Mrs Moers under great provocation.

He got away with a seven-year stretch, being released in the summer of 1932 after a sinistral prison record.

There was only one thing to do — get married again. Mrs Sue Cobb Cowley became his eighth bride. For a time things went along happily, he even got himself a job at the Detroit Ford factory.

Then the marriage split up and the Kid moved into the Tuller Hotel. And there, strangely enough, he suddenly grew tired of living. Perhaps he had become too humdrum for him—who knows?



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RECORDS by PATRICK GRAY

The choir-girl buys herself mink

MARION RYAN, a strawberry blonde with a double Devon cream complexion, had come to lunch in the West End straight from the scented salon of her hairdresser.

"The man's a doll," Miss Ryan said of one of the Britain's most celebrated barbers.

"Just a living doll."

Sam Wannamaker, lunching near by, was also proclaimed by Miss Ryan to be a "doll—just a living doll." I felt as though I were eating in a toy shop.

"I admire," said Miss Ryan by way of unnecessary explanation, "men."

ROMANCE? YES

Why then, I asked, was such a devotee of the opposite sex still unmarried at 24?

(This is a question which usually gets the reply: "Oh, I am much too busy with my career to actually marry the darlings.")

Miss Ryan, however, produced this one: "Regularly every week I fall in love with someone on the same music-hall bill or television show. But when the show is over I find my boyfriend is going off to play in Aberdeen while I'm booked for Plymouth. The life is hardly conducive to long engagements and ultimate marriage."

Miss Ryan then ordered her meal with all the assurance of a West End veteran.

Which she is far from being.

It is just three years since band leader Ray Ellington (a living doll, no doubt) found her singing in a Leeds dance hall. She was rendering with a considerable amount of emotion "Embraceable You" and she impressed Mr Ellington enough for him to give her a contract to sing with his band.

"Until then," Miss Ryan said, "I had done most of my singing with a school choir—or in the bath." (Not with the school choir.)

"As the silk stocking sales-girl daughter of a Leeds crane driver I was not the most fashionably dressed girl in town. So my gave me £20 to buy a dress."

A £125 DRESS

She came back with three dresses—and £4 change. "How green can a girl be?" said the singer, who although she dresses with fewer frills than Mrs Gerald Legge can today manage to buy stage gown that will mark down her bank balance by £125.

I told Miss Ryan, who employs a publicity agent to inform the British Press that at 5ft. 2in. her vital statistics are 36-26-30 ("I don't like discussing these things in person, you know"), that I remembered her first music-hall engagement with Mr Ellington's band. It was in Glasgow, and she was billed as The Girl Who Sings Like Marilyn Monroe Walks.

She said: "I never did understand what that meant."

Neither did I.

I don't think anyone did.

125 GUINEA GOWN

Five months ago Marion Ryan left Ray Ellington to find her own size-three feet in show business. "They said I had a row with Ray over money," she said. "But that wasn't true. Who has a row with her boss and then receives a 125-guinea gown as a farewell present?"

With talent as her only gimmick Marion Ryan can present a healthy progress report on her life since she started to negotiate the show business jungle solo.

She is acquiring a considerable reputation as a recording artist and has already acquired a mink stole, bought partly from her recording royalties. She can climb without much fear of contradiction, to be Britain's most televised singer.

She can afford to cut fashionably in the West End—even when she has to pick up the bill herself. And she can hold fashionably (which she is doing in Mojave).

Her latest disc for Nixa—a ballad called That's

Happiness backed by A Bing Donk Rock-a-Billy Wedding, a number which, I think, speaks for itself (N16105). It will be released next month.

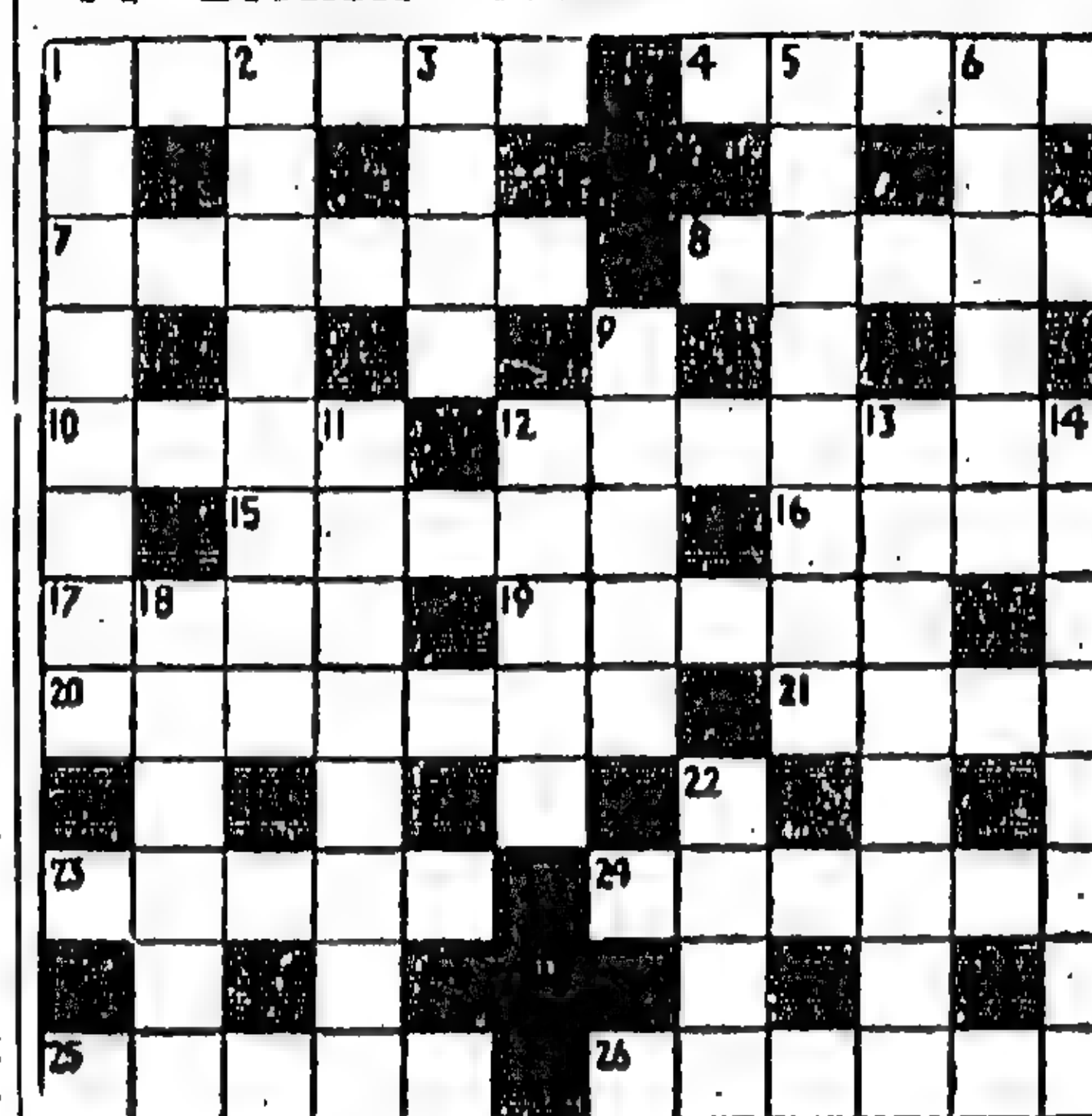
Meanwhile hear Marion Ryan on a Nixa extended-player—That Ryan Gal (NEP 24041).

Best of four tracks is If I Can't Take It With Me When I Go, I Just Ain't Gonna Go.

After listening to which, no one is going to call her the girl-next-door type.

She smoulders like hot coals on a carpet.

A British Crossword Puzzle



- ACROSS
- Placed at a pillar-box (6).
 - Room for future travel (5).
 - Quizzed (5).
 - River crossing (4).
 - Could be put on a horse (5).
 - Too, too, mally fleshy (7).
 - Don't do business (3).
 - Not one-sided (4).
 - Horse colour (4).
 - Ginger, for instance (5).
 - Musical instrument (7).
 - Adhering faithfully (4).
 - Drop of music (5).
 - What conscience may make one (6).
 - Extreme suffering (5).
 - Plague (6).
- DOWN
- A point of departure (5).
 - Unpleasant human (5).
 - Made up food (4).
 - Must remind for a possible customer (6).
 - Feld up (5).
 - Dub (5).
 - It's a gift (5).
 - Silly carmen (5).
 - Cloudy (5).
 - Bring about (6).
 - Making for smoother progress (5).
 - In my view it's a book (4).

FRIDAY'S CROSSWORD.—Across: 1 Mink, 2 Laiden, 3 Selector, 4 Mollusca, 5 Dice, 6 Eggs, 7 Earle, 8 Root, 9 Fervor, 10 Gaiter, 11 Answer, 12 Complaint, 13 Plover, 14 Gully, 15 Message, 16 Idem, 17 Secretary, 18 Ration, 19 Lured, 20 Lever, 21 Gentle, 22 Blunt, 23 Tragic, 24 London, 25 Draws, 26 Usher, 27 Free, 28 Ginger, 29 Sump.

BOOK PAGE

ROBERT PITMAN looks at the strange struggle for the soul of a reluctant soldier

AS the horror approached across the frozen sea the most desolate village in the world waited in panic.

Where could anyone turn? To the east, for a thousand miles, lay a waste of creeping glaciers. The nearest inhabited hut was 450 miles away. Any moment now the horror would arrive. Perhaps it was already out there in the twilight across the snows.

The year was 1943. The place—the tiny village of Scoresby Sound in North-East Greenland. And the horror? It was the small force of well-armed Germans who had landed in Greenland north of Scoresby Sound.

To the Eskimo people who lived there no horror could be worse. They were people for whom the Sermon on the Mount was the only code. The idea of war, of one man killing another, was beyond belief.

34 men...

Who could defend them? Some young Danish settlers had formed a sledge patrol. But one had already been killed by the Germans, another—Marius Jensen—was captured.

Then the amazing thing happened.

Suddenly, with a howling of dogs, a sledge and two men appeared from the North. One of the men carried a gun. But he was not a German. He was Marius—the man they thought had been captured.

And his companion? He was the commander of the dreaded Germans. Marius had taken him prisoner and had brought him 300 miles.

Without their leader the Germans advanced no further. Soon they left Greenland altogether. The exploit of Marius Jensen was the strangest incident in the century's strangest war—a war for half a continent fought out between two armies with a total strength of just 34 men. Now the story of that war has

In the wilderness of ice a man despaired



Patrol leader Poulsen, with two of his team.

been brilliantly told in *THE SLEDGE PATROL* (Collins, 15s.). The author? He is David Howarth, the man who wrote *The Shetland Bus* and *We Die Alone*.

In both these war books Howarth told how patriots in the frozen north of Norway suffered against the Germans.

Little wonder then that Howarth should write up the pocket war in Greenland. Here obviously was another plain tale of heroism in a cold climate. Or at least, that's how it seemed to Howarth at first.

ed the hut his fingers were too frost-bitten to open the door. It seemed as if he might die on the very doorstep. Only after struggling for minutes did he manage to turn the handle with his wrists.

A bear...

Howarth met Marius. Marius had an escape story too. Like Poulsen he had fled from the Germans at night. Behind him he could hear them chasing him. Then, as he struggled on cold, the frozen sea-ice, he saw something loom up in front of him in the moonlight. A polar bear.

Imagine the dilemma. Marius had a gun, but if he shot the bear he would give away his position to the Germans. There seemed just one way out. A polar bear never meets an animal which does not race away from it in flight. So when a man stands his ground, or advances, sometimes a bear will take fright and run itself.

Marius walked on slowly towards the bear. It did not move. They stared at each other while the moon gleamed. Suddenly the bear's nerve broke. He aimed and fired. The bear dropped dead. It was only weeks later that Marius learned that the Germans had already given up the chase. They were counting on the cold to force him back to the hut.

So gradually Howarth pieced the story together—a stirring, straightforward story in the Howarth tradition. Until by chance it took an astonishing twist.

QUOTES OF THE WEEK

Dearest Maud, 12 May, 1930.

I go to 29, Wimpole Street to meet Sir John Thomson. Walker tomorrow who will give me an odious potion that will put my kidney to the test. I shall be at 28, Wimpole Street for two nights. Dear Maud, I love you more than I ever did, and I always loved you.

—From George Moore Letters to Lady Cunard (Hart-Davis, 27s. 6d.). At date of writing—30 years after he fell in love with the wife of Sir Bache Cunard—novelist Moore was 78.

Mysterious

Howarth visited Greenland. He looked at the snowdrifts and the ridges of frozen sea over which Marius had passed with his German prisoner.

He watched two men, alert and yelling, as they expertly managed a dog-sledge.

Suddenly the startling truth leaped at him. No one could drive a sledge on a journey like that and keep a man captive too—unkind, consciously or subconsciously, the man wanted to be captured.

Why? Back from Greenland, Howarth searched for the German officer. His name was Ritter. Howarth discovered he was now working as third mate in a Swedish oil tanker.

Howarth kept track of the tanker's route round the world. When it docked at Fawley, in Hampshire, Howarth was at the quayside. As they took him to Ritter they said: "He's too good for a job like this." And Howarth found they were right. The former commander of Germany's troops in Greenland was a man who radiated goodness.

Inspiration

Slowly he told Howarth how, long before the war, he had once spent five years in the Arctic. As a devout man he had found inspiration in the innocence and piety of the people who lived there. Then in 1942 he was chosen to lead Germany's expedition to set up a weather base in Greenland.

Ritter was proud and happy to be chosen. Yet there was one problem: a man called Schmidt. Schmidt was the Gestapo's agent on the expedition. On the Greenland coast he gave political lectures to keep Ritter's men loyal.

The effect on Ritter was odd. As he listened to Schmidt's diatribe lectures Ritter looked at the Arctic landscape outside. He remembered the simple Christian life led by the people in the little snowbound villages. He remembered that this was a country with no locks on the doors, where the little mountain huts were always left with the stove ready for the next man who came along.

Schmidt sensed Ritter's mood. He noticed Ritter's despair when one of the Danes was killed. By a series of hints he threatened to report "Ritter" to the Gestapo.

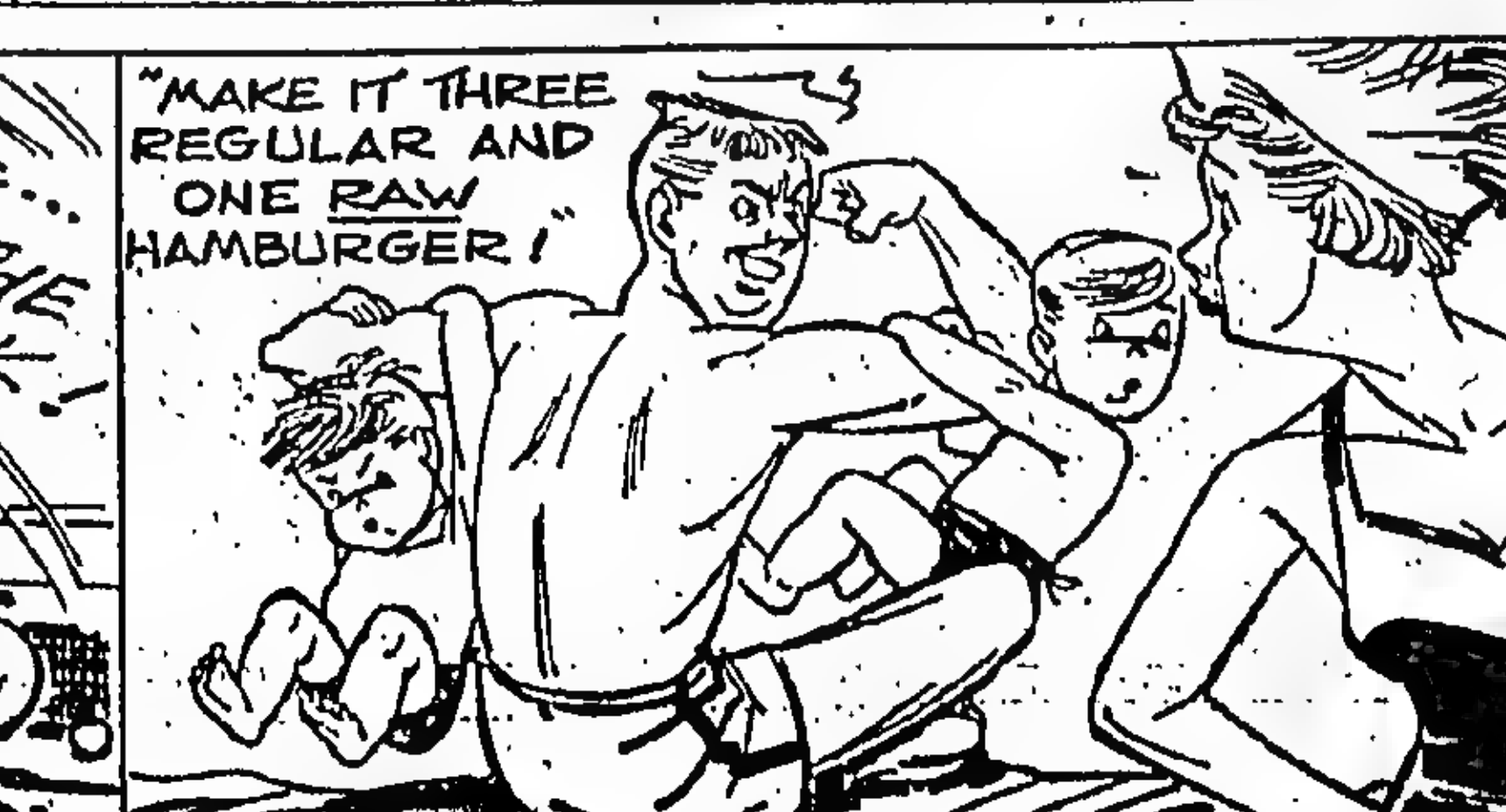
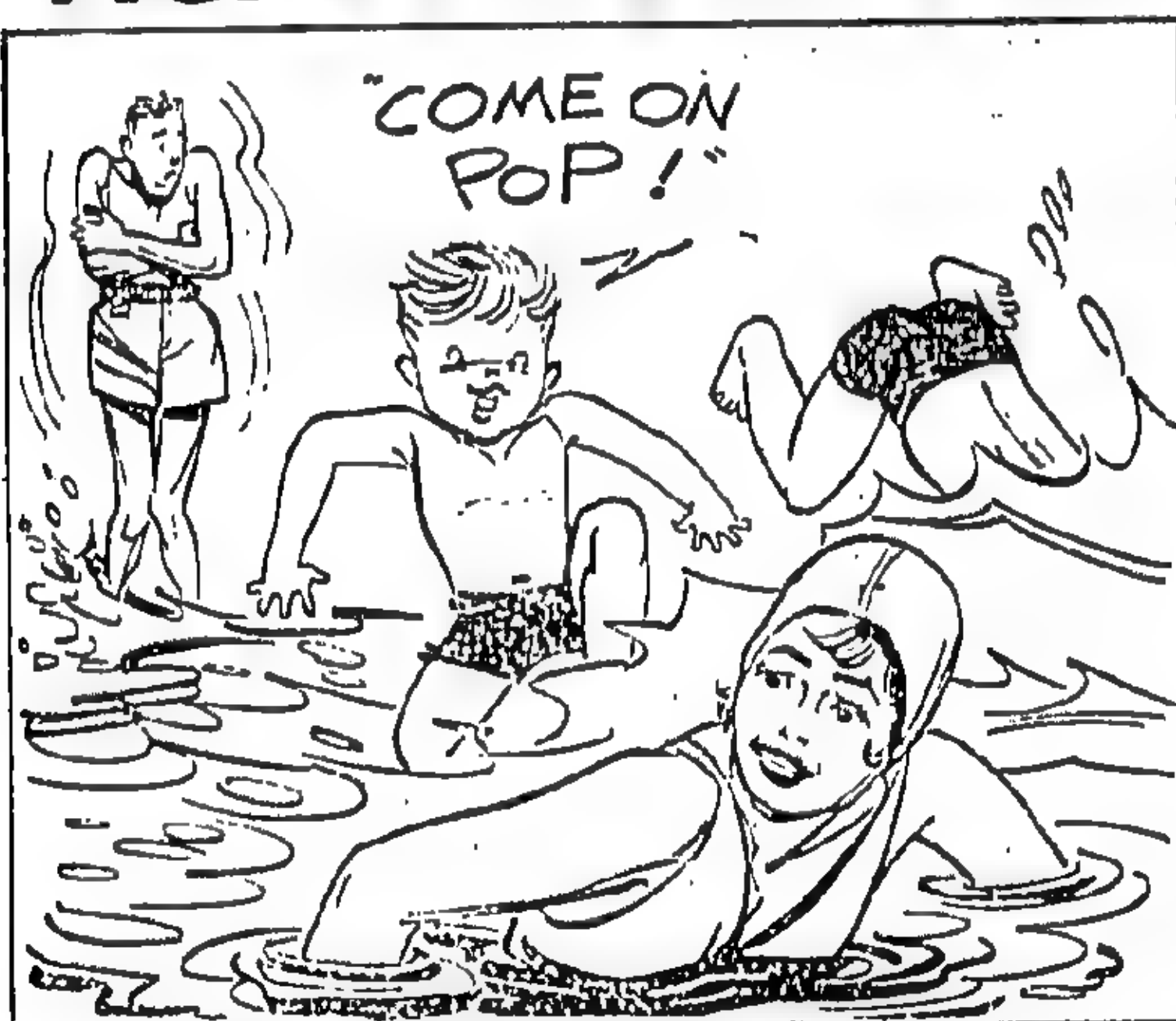
Ritter was worried about his family at home. He wanted to do his duty as a German officer. But when, in one of those little huts, the Danish prisoner Marius seized his gun and took him prisoner in turn, Ritter's duty came with him. His problems of conscience were solved.

The Gestapo and the Arctic had struggled for a man's soul. And the Arctic had won.

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

Do As You Are Told

By Harry Weinert



Your Radio Listening For Next Week In Detail - A "China Mail" Feature

Commentary On The Football Season's First International

The Israel soccer team, Hapoel Petah-Tikva, at present on a tour which has taken them through Europe and now to the Far East, arrived in Hongkong last Wednesday to play in a series of games against local teams.

The first of the three matches will be played today against All Hongkong, and at 6 o'clock, John Wallace will be at the Hongkong Stadium to give you a commentary on the match.

Another broadcast next week which will be of interest to sports fans is the Cesarewitch commentary from the BBC on Wednesday. The Cesarewitch, one of the most valuable handicap races of the year, will be run over two and a half miles at Newmarket, the headquarters of racing in Britain.

The commentators will be Raymond Glendinning, assisted by Peter O'Sullivan at a point down the course; their commentary will be broadcast from Radio Hongkong at 11.45 p.m. on Wednesday.

Next Week's Music - Robin Day, enjoying a well-earned though temporary break from jazz programmes, will be giving way to that other jazz enthusiast, Robert Achesson, for the next few weeks.

Robert Achesson's programme, "Jazz Half Hour", will be on Saturday evenings at 8 o'clock, starting a week from today. Instead of "Time for Jazz" on Wednesday at 7.30 p.m., listeners can tune in to a programme of all favourites in "The Song is Over", featuring the ever-green songs which have stood the test of time and are today still as popular as ever.

Tonight at nine-thirty, those interested in more serious music can hear the first programme in a new series "Music from A to Z". Each week a different initial letter will determine the composers, singers, or instrumentalists to be heard, and it is hoped to include something slightly unusual which may lead to most listeners.

Tonight, for instance, the programme includes a very short "opera" with the unexpected title, "The Distant Cantata", by that mysterious composer, Anna.

The whole work takes five minutes, it is sung by only one voice, and describes Tinker Tom's courtship of the lovely Sylvia, who pines for ducal through the streets "with perfume garbure round her lovely waist." The date of this work, ballets it or not, is 1755.

"The Orchestra in Rhythm" at 7 p.m. on Friday introduces the popular Hongkong Concert Orchestra, under their conductor Victor Ardy, in a light-hearted programme of music recorded recently during a concert held at the Ritz Gardens.

"The Critics" - The critics in tomorrow night's programme at nine o'clock will once again be concentrating on events in the Hongkong Festival of the Arts, when this week's contributors, Janet Tomblin and Peter Duval Smith, will discuss the Garrison Players' production of Hattigan's play "The Deep Blue Sea".

One rather pertinent matter likely to arise under discussion this week is the value and purpose of a critics' programme in a place like Hongkong where most activities which can be classified under the heading "The Arts" are of an amateur nature, and indeed where most of the critics themselves are amateurs.

Wednesday Theatre - The author of some of the most compelling and dramatic stage stories ever written was Joseph Conrad, whose late "Heart of Darkness" has been dramatised and in Wednesday Theatre at 8.45 next week.

This haunting and rather sinister adventure happened to a young seaman who took command of a river vessel for a tropical trading company at the turn of the century, and is one which Conrad himself experienced when he was employed in a Belgian commercial company trading in the African Congo.

The story tells of a journey into the black depths of the continent through the steaming, suffocating jungle, to relieve one of the company's agents, Kurtz, a man who has deliberately rejected civilization. The play, by Robert Edson, and that of Captain Marlow, the narrator, by Anthony Jacobs.

Looking ahead to Radio Hongkong's contribution to the current Festival of the Arts, production of Christopher Fry's play "A Sleep of Princes" is now in full swing and recording will be taking place next week. The play is scheduled for broadcasting on Wednesday, October 30.

(Broadcasting on a frequency of 900 kilocycles per second).

3.30 "MUSIC FROM A TO Z" "A".
Enlightenment No. 10 to 12 (Malcolm Arnold) - The London Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Sir John Barbirolli. The music of the "A" section (from "La Vie en Rose") by the London Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Sir John Barbirolli. The music of the "A" section (from "La Vie en Rose") by the London Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Sir John Barbirolli.

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WARRIORS MEET PANDAS IN SOFTBALL'S MATCH OF THE WEEK-END TOMORROW

SPORTS QUIZ

1. Complete these famous names of sport—
a) Cernav
b) Jaroslav
c) Franchin
d) Gabbat
2. Which cricket pitch is popularly known as "The Gabba"?
3. How many players can take part in a game of "Fives"?
4. Alain Mimoun, Chris Brusher and Ron Delany won gold medals at the 1956 Olympic Games. In what events?
5. How many boxers have retained the world's heavyweight title after losing it?
6. How many "Southpaws" have won the world's heavyweight title?
7. Who is the odd man out—
a) Gil Langley, b) Gordon Evans, c) Don Tait, d) Norman Yardley.
8. In what sports can you—
a) bowl a maiden over; b) sell a dummy; c) serve an ace?
9. What are the nationalities of these tennis stars—
a) Mal Anderson, b) Shirley Bloomer, c) Francisco Segura?
10. What's wrong with this commentary on a water polo match: "The red ball dashed out of the centre-forward's hands and passed the white-capped goalkeeper to make the score two all."

(Answers See Page 17)

THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB SECOND RACE MEETING

Saturday, 19th and Monday, 21st October, 1957
(To be held under the Rules of the Hong Kong Jockey Club)

THE PROGRAMME WILL CONSIST OF 22 RACES.
The First Race will be run at 1.30 p.m. and the First Race start at 2.00 p.m. on the 1st day.

On the 2nd day the First Race will be run at 11.30 a.m. and the First Race start at 12.00 noon. The 15th interval is after the Fourth Race (1.30 p.m.).

The Secretary's Office at Alexandra House will close at 11.15 a.m. on the 1st day and at 10.00 a.m. on the 2nd day.

MEMBERS' ENCLOSURE

NO PERSON WITHOUT A BADGE WILL BE ADMITTED.
All persons MUST wear their badges prominently displayed throughout the meeting.

Admission Badges at \$10.00 each per day are obtainable from the Club's Cash Sweep Office at Queen's Building, Chater Road and 302 Nathan Road only on the written introduction of a Member, who will be responsible for all visitors introduced by him.

Tickets will be obtainable at the Club House if ordered in advance from the No. 1 Day (Tel. 72811).

The 6th Floor is restricted to Members and Ladies wearing Lady's Brooches.

NO CHILDREN will be admitted to the Club's premises during the Meeting. For this purpose a Child is a person under the age of seventeen years, Western Standard.

PUBLIC ENCLOSURE

The price of admission will be \$3.00 each per day payable at the Gate.

Any person leaving the Enclosure will be required to pay the requisite fee of \$3.00 in order to gain re-admission.

MEALS and REFRESHMENTS will be obtainable in the RESTAURANT.

SERVANTS

Servants must remain in their employers' boxes except for passing through on their duties. They may on no account use the Betting Booths or Fry Out Booths in the Enclosures.

CASH SWEEPS

Through Cash Sweep Tickets at \$44.00 each may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Office at Queen's Building, Chater Road, and 302 Nathan Road during normal office hours and until 11.00 a.m. on the 1st day of the Race Meeting.

Particular numbers within the series 1 to 3,000 may be reserved for all race meetings as Through Tickets. Such tickets will be issued consecutively only and the right is reserved by the Stewards to cancel any reservation for Through Tickets for a particular Meeting if it is found that sales may not reach the number reserved in the series 1 to 3,000.

In the case of two-day Race Meetings, Through Tickets may be purchased for each day of the Meeting provided that the second day is on a date not less than five days after the first day. In all other cases Through Tickets will only be sold for the whole Meeting.

Tickets reserved and available but not paid for by 10.00 a.m. on Friday, 18th October will be sold and the reservation cancelled for future Meetings.

Tickets over 3,000 will also be issued consecutively but particular numbers cannot be reserved as Through Tickets.

The reservation of any particular number does not confer on the registered holder any rights whatsoever unless the ticket bearing the appropriate number is issued to and can be produced by the holder.

The Stewards reserve the right to refuse any subscription also the right to remove any name from Subscription Lists without stating reasons for their action.

SPECIAL CASH SWEEP

Tickets for the Special Cash Sweep on the Kwangtung Handicap scheduled to be run on 10th October, 1957, at \$2.00 each, may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Office.

TOTALISATOR

Backers are advised not to destroy or throw away their tickets until after the "all clear" signal has been exhibited.

ALL WINNING TICKETS and TICKETS FOR REFUNDS MUST BE PRESENTED FOR PAYMENT AT THE RACE COURSE ON THE DAY TO WHICH THEY REFER, NOT LATER THAN ONE HOUR AFTER THE TIME FOR WHICH THE LAST RACE OF THE DAY HAS BEEN SCHEDULED TO BE RUN.

PAYMENTS WILL NOT BE MADE ON TORN OR DISFIGURED TICKETS.

Bookmakers, Tie Men, etc., will not be permitted to operate within the precincts of the Hong Kong Jockey Club.

By Order of the Stewards,

A. E. ARNOLD,
Secretary.

Even The Girls Have Been Persuaded To Step Out On The Diamond

Softball fans will have yet another full programme to entertain them over the week-end with no less than seven games in the three leagues down for decision, the most important of which will involve the unbeaten Warriors against the Hong-kong Pandas tomorrow at 3.30 p.m.

At the start of the season, barely a month ago, the outlook for ladies' softball was anything but encouraging, but after a bit of coaxing and cajoling on the part of certain interested parties the "girls" finally overcame their reluctance and once again interest has been revived amongst the fairer sex. They come in for their share of publicity when four ladies' teams match beauty and brawn this week-end to give spectators a preview of what ladies' softball has in store for us this year.

The indomitable Austers start the ball rolling today at 2.30 p.m. in an encounter against Wah Ying. St. Wesley's having withdrawn from the Men's Junior League, the time of this game has been advanced to make full use of the resultant free period.

Dave Cooper and his Austers have already lost three in a row since the start of the season—not a surprising development considering the fact that the majority of their players have had very little playing experience, as can easily be borne out by the 37 runs their defence has so far conceded in just three games.

It is asking too much of Dave to carry on a one-man show indefinitely and the Austers will have to give him

some fielding and batting support if they are to notch up victory number one—and they should do it easily enough against a more or less inexperienced Wah Ying side which committed innumerable fielding errors last week in its first outing.

The nod goes to the Austers, but they must show more aggressiveness at the plate if they are to win this game.

Distaff Debut

Immediately afterwards the Ladies' League has its inaugural game this season when Onofre Souza's Hurricanes clash with the University belles. The Hurricanes are made up of a few ex-Colleagues and some new faces and have been practising hard for their debut.

Manager-cum-coach Souza expressed confidence in his girls to snatch their first victory at the expense of the University. The intellectuals are an unknown quantity, but if they have a side of the calibre to match the nine that barely missed clinching the Knockout Finals only this year the Hurricanes will not have everything their own way.

Both sides will be playing for the first time this season and the outcome of this game can be safely summed up in one sentence—the team not succumbing to an attack of schoolgirl hysterics at making errors will emerge winners. Your guess is just as good as mine.

Tomorrow the Cheyennes open proceedings against the Hongkong University in a Men's Junior League game at 10.00 a.m. Simultaneously, at the "B" diamond, the defending champions, the South China Ladies, take on a rookie side, the CAA, and the Caroline Hillers should have an easy time in a game which may or may not last the full seven innings.

The champs will have too many big guns booming against the CAA and should win by a very wide margin.

Robert Remedios' Cheyennes trampled all over the opposition in their opening game and will be all out to repeat against the University boys.

The Cheyennes have all-round strength, particularly in their batting, and the Polynesian dy-champs will be given ample opportunity to do a spot of long-distance running when

the Pandas have signed on two new players, Alan Van and Eric Lee, in an endeavour to boost their batting strength which has suffered by the departure of ex-batting champ Philip Hsu from these shores.

A top-notch game should ensue with the Pandas contesting every inning, but only an optimist would dare to forecast a Panda victory.

Although the Pandas' mainstay, Jackie Wei, can still manage upset chances of these youngsters, who are mostly beginners but who have played heads-up ball in the Beginners' League recently.

The last game of the day features Al Oliveira's Warriors who will be facing a stiff hurdle in the form of D. S. Ling's Pandas. The latter are but a shadow of the once formidable side which came near to winning the Senior Pennant on more than one occasion.

He will be facing some very hard-hitting bats in the Pandas' line-up. The Pandas will have to win this one to stay in the running, but it's a tall order considering the Warriors' "Goose" Wong's current good form on the mound plus the fact that, man for man, Oliveira's boys hold the edge over the Pandas.

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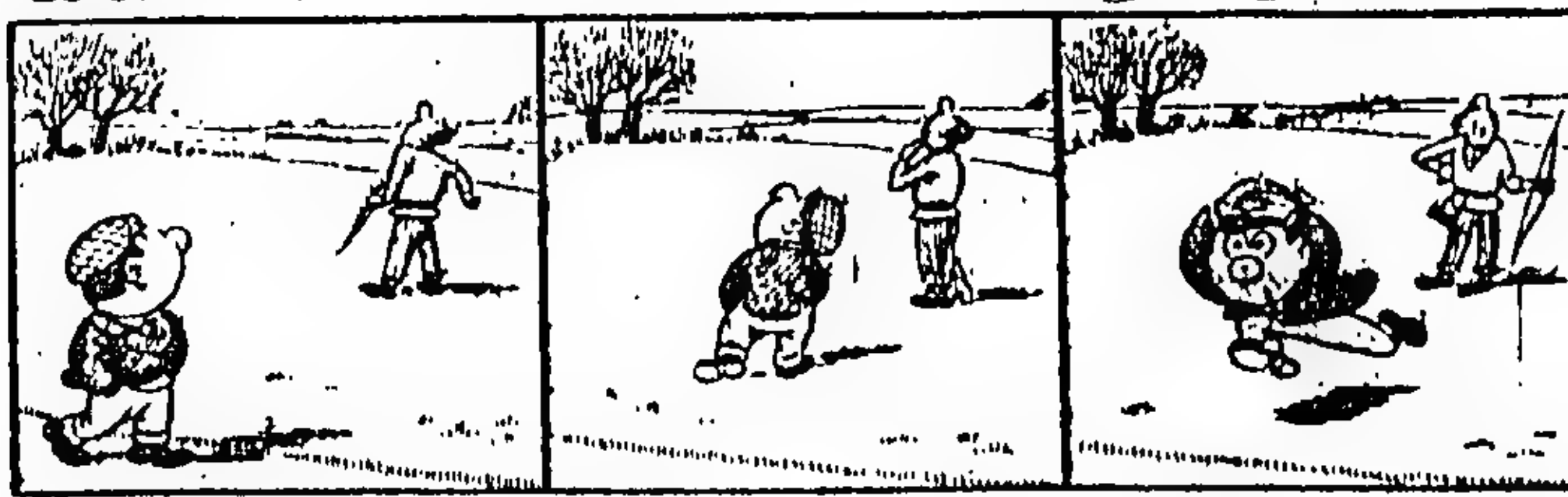
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SPORTING SAM

by Reg. Woolton



LOOKING AT SPORT

Battle To Preserve Amateurism Gets More And More Complicated

Says DENNIS HART

The battle to preserve amateurism, which has been fought almost continuously and often heatedly since the Greeks frowned on "paid gladiators" a couple of thousand years ago, gets more and more complicated. Money is to be used to keep it alive. And officially, too.

From Sofia, Bulgaria, where the International Olympic Committee have just held congress, we learn that an Olympic athlete may now officially receive "broken time" payments. This means that he can be compensated for loss of earnings through training for and competing in the game.

A limit of thirty days has been set. As it often takes an athlete nearly that time just to compete in the Games, this limit seems fairly rigid.

And, again, as not a few men who take the Olympic oath owe such standard of living as they enjoy to their ability to cover so many laps of a track in so many fewer seconds than the next man this "broken time" concession doesn't seem to amount to much.

But it does. A man may now be paid for competing in the Olympic Games, and with the full blessing of the authorities.

In the strict sense, the old-fashioned sense, he is no longer an amateur. For that status, I would remind you, applies to one who runs, jumps, kicks a football or hits a cricket ball for the sole joy of running, jumping etc., and for that alone.

A Changing World. And our definition of amateurs should change. I think the International Olympic Committee are to be applauded for their decision.

Critics say that it is the thin end of the wedge which will widen into open professionalism. This is unlikely. There just isn't the money in athletics to support professionalism. As it is in the Olympic Games, the host country generally loses thousands of pounds without having to pay people to compete. And ordinary international tournaments incur big expense bills with the cost of maintaining teams over a hundred strong.

But perhaps the strongest criticism is from those who regard the "broken time" payments themselves as an evil. Many of these, it seems, come from Britain where professional football is looked on as something which decent people don't discuss. Britain is the country where a man who rides horses for money is accorded national honour and is recognised by royalty.

But in these matters time is a great healer of wounded pride. Seventy years ago professional cricketers and footballers in England were regarded merely as hired hands. Now they take their place well up in the order of society.

And time, I fancy, will see a change in outlook in athletics. Because of the financial aspect, professionalism, as in other sports, is unlikely to come from athletics. But when a man, or woman, has home commitments it is unfair that there should suffer because he is chosen to go to the Olympics or to represent his country.

And this does happen even these days. Terry Spinks, who returned from Melbourne with a Gold Medal won in the boxing ring, also came back to start looking for another job. He had lost his previous one through going to Melbourne.

Mention of Spinks, who turned professional, brings me to one of the more anomalous decisions of the International Committee. This says that an athlete will not be regarded as an amateur if he declares his intention of taking part in the Games with a view to turning professional later.

This surely splits hairs. It may be undesirable for a competitor to use the Olympics solely as a stepping stone to more lucrative things. But there is surely little wrong in, say, a boxer aiming to get to the very top of his profession. And that is a world professional title.

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Famous Sports Stars I Have Met

JOE CONN

By Archie Quick

The cosy Village at the top of Highgate Hill made famous by Dick Whittington seems an improbable spot to find an old time East of London fighter, but Joe Conn has kept the Health Stores there for over thirty years, and Joe was one of the finest featherweights Britain ever produced.

Joe Conn of Bow was a name to conjure with in the years between 1931 and 1934 during which time he had over three hundred fights and lost a bare half dozen of them. A lifelong teetotaler and non-smoker and a strict vegetarian, Joe is a very fit man of sixty.

His most famous fight was with Jimmy Wilde on the Stamford Bridge football ground in 1933. Wilde was a wartime Sergeant in the Physical Training Corps then and was not allowed to take a "punch". So, according to the story, he was presented with a bag of this month's after he had won in the thirteenth round against a Conn suffering from Spanish flu. Joe was a munitions worker.

Conn's last fight was at the Manchester Free Trade Hall in 1924 against a welterweight named Jack Davies, and Joe literally "kicked the bucket" to finish his own career. He says that Davies was out of condition, and as he was booked for another contest at Liverpool Stadium Joe decided to get the Davies affair over quickly. He rushed across the ring, but Davies struck his leg on Davies' second round, limped to a points victory and never fought again. He still bears the scar on his right leg, a fearsome looking welt.

Still Visible

Conn fought Toney Lee for the British Featherweight Championship at the National Sporting Club in 1937 and was beaten in the seventh round after breaking his right hand in the first. The broken bone is still visible. He also fought Arthur Wynns, of Belgium, for the European title at Blackfriars Ring in 1938 and was again having to pay people to compete. And ordinary international tournaments incur big expense bills with the cost of maintaining teams over a hundred strong.

But perhaps the strongest criticism is from those who regard the "broken time" payments themselves as an evil. Many of these, it seems, come from Britain where professional football is looked on as something which decent people don't discuss. Britain is the country where a man who rides horses for money is accorded national honour and is recognised by royalty.

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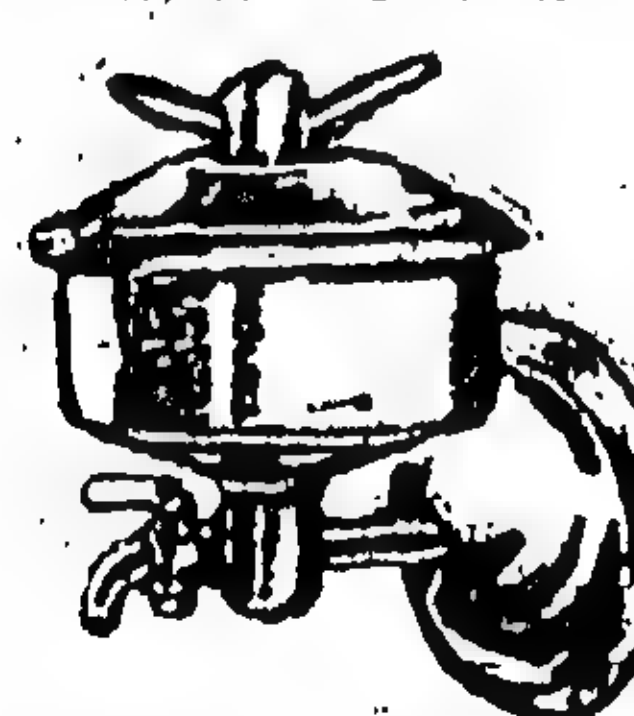
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Removes harmful bacteria, Chlorine, Chlorophenols, organic odors, color, and bad tastes caused by soluble iron.

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Removes toxins produced by bacterial decomposition and putrefaction.

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Used for babies formula water. Indispensable for kidney disease and gastritis.

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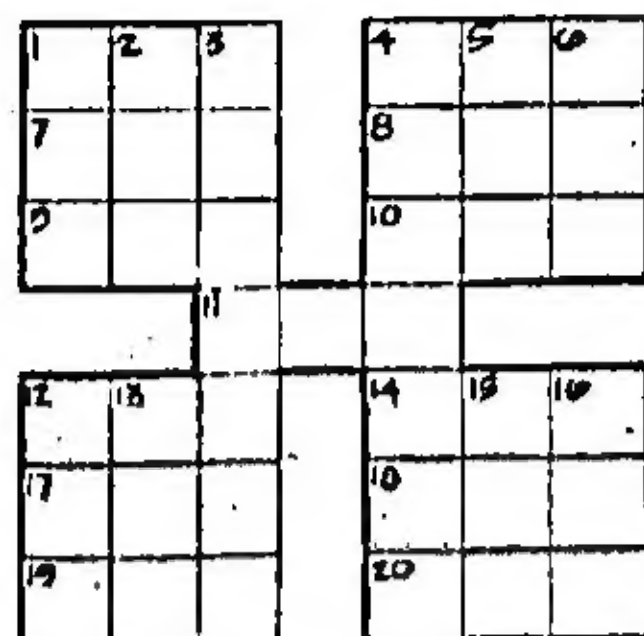
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FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS ★ ★ ★

YOUR PUZZLE CORNER

Try the Puzzlemaster's variety puzzles:

CROSSWORD



ACROSS

- 1 Kind of tide
- 4 Decay
- 7 Meadow
- 8 Before
- 9 Males
- 10 Body of water
- 11 Negative word
- 12 Dined
- 14 Boy's name
- 17 Vehicle
- 18 Negative prefix
- 19 Abstract being
- 20 Obtain

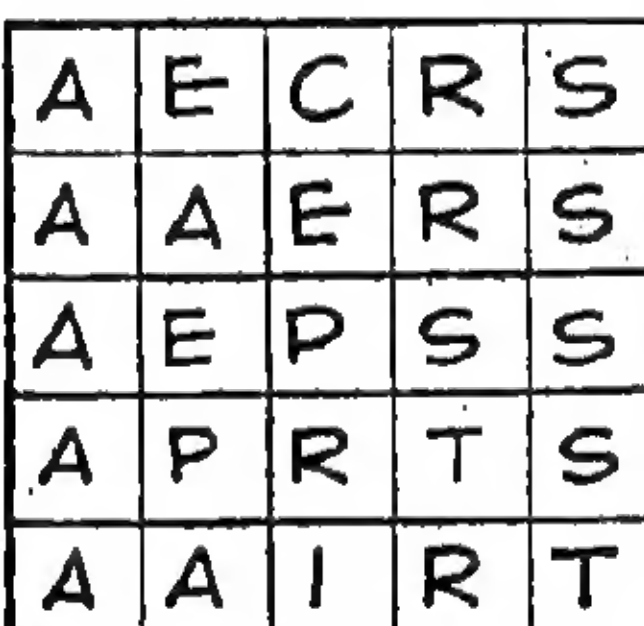
DOWN

- 1 Shade tree
- 2 Honey-maker
- 3 Flaps
- 4 Not active
- 5 Mineral rock
- 6 Beverage
- 12 Aviator
- 13 Light brown
- 15 Fish eggs
- 16 Busy insect

SOUND ALIKES

The Puzzlemaster's missing words sound alike, but they are spelled differently. Can you finish his sentence? Did — are the — with her lamb?

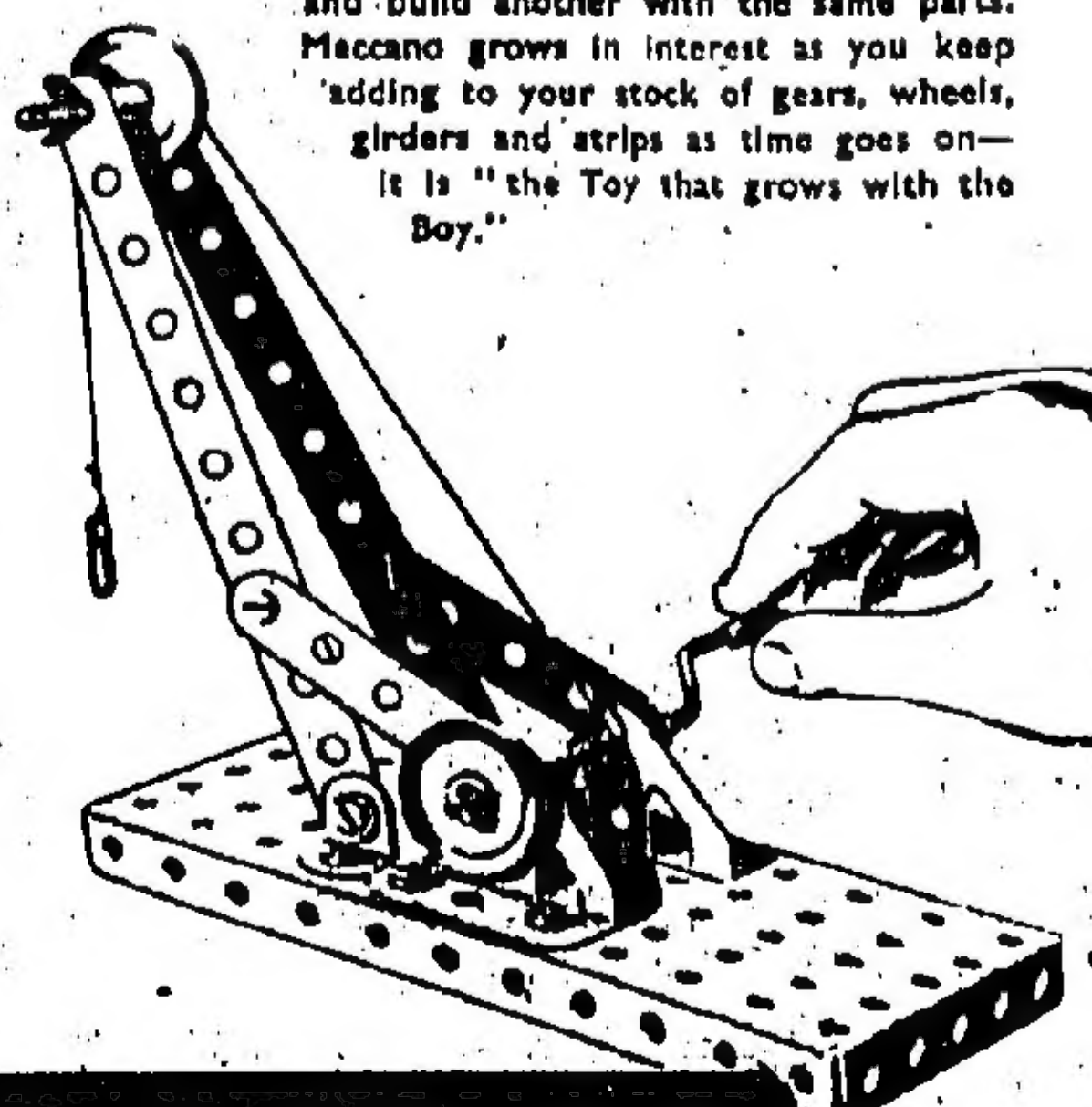
WORD SQUARE



After rearranging the letters in each row to form a good word, rearrange the rows so that your answer will read the same down as across.

The thrill of "Build it yourself"

How much better it is to make your own toys! Make them as you want them, and make them work. Make them with Meccano. When you've made and played with one model, you can take it to pieces and build another with the same parts. Meccano grows in interest as you keep adding to your stock of gears, wheels, gliders and strips as time goes on — it is "the Toy that grows with the Boy."



MECCANO

MADE IN ENGLAND BY MECCANO LIMITED, BRISTOL ROAD, LIVERPOOL 11

DIAMOND

Since there are so few of them in the world today, the Puzzlemaster picked an EMERALD for the centre of his diamond. The second word is an abbreviation for "amount"; third "a-kind"; fifth "sea birds"; and sixth an abbreviation for "nummern." Complete the diamond:

E
M
P
E
R
O
R
R
O
R

(Solutions on Page 19)

HOW TO AMUSE YOURSELF

1. MARK A 2-INCH SQUARE ON A PIECE OF PAPER. MARK A TARGET IN THE SQUARE WITH A DOT IN CENTER.

2. HOLD A PENCIL ABOUT 10 INCHES ABOVE TARGET.

3. CIRCLE TARGET WITH PENCIL. CLOSE YOUR EYES AND TRY TO HIT DOT WITH POINT OF PENCIL.

4. SEE HOW MANY TOOTHPIES YOU CAN STACK ON THE MOUTH OF A SODA POP BOTTLE BEFORE THEY FALL OFF.

5. DROP BEANS IN A MILK BOTTLE FROM EYE LEVEL.

6. DROP BEANS IN A MILK BOTTLE FROM EYE LEVEL.

TRUE ADVENTURE— Across The USA In 'Box Kites'

FLYING a supersonic jet plane, the Bell X-2 research rocket type, a flight test pilot set a new speed mark of 1,900 miles an hour last summer. In 1939, a flyer won the Gordon Bennett races at Reims, France, with a speed of 46 miles an hour.

Between these two records lies a thrilling history of aviation. Take, for instance, the sensational air race of 1911.

All over America in August of 1911 people talked excitedly about the fantastic, incredible flying-machine race which was soon to begin. The New York American had offered a prize of \$50,000 for the first person to cross the continent by air before October 10.

And it was reported that five crazy-headed flyers had actually entered the contest, although in the end only three of them got very far.

Man had only been flying about seven years. Bleriot, the Frenchman, had just managed to fly the English Channel—31 miles. But this contest was from coast to coast—over the Western Desert, the Rockies, the Sierras.

Even Orville Wright said it was impossible. But men were going to try it.

ONE FLYER was sponsored by the Cole Motor Company and his plane was named the Cole Flyer. Another machine was named after the new soft drink and its backers—the Vin Fiz.

Derby racetracks were never argued over more hotly than were these flying machines. Yet they were no more than box kites with engine and propeller.

Frames were of splintery spruce planks, of bamboo. Propellers were chain driven, like a bicycle. The landing gear had ski skids out ahead, like wheels underneath.

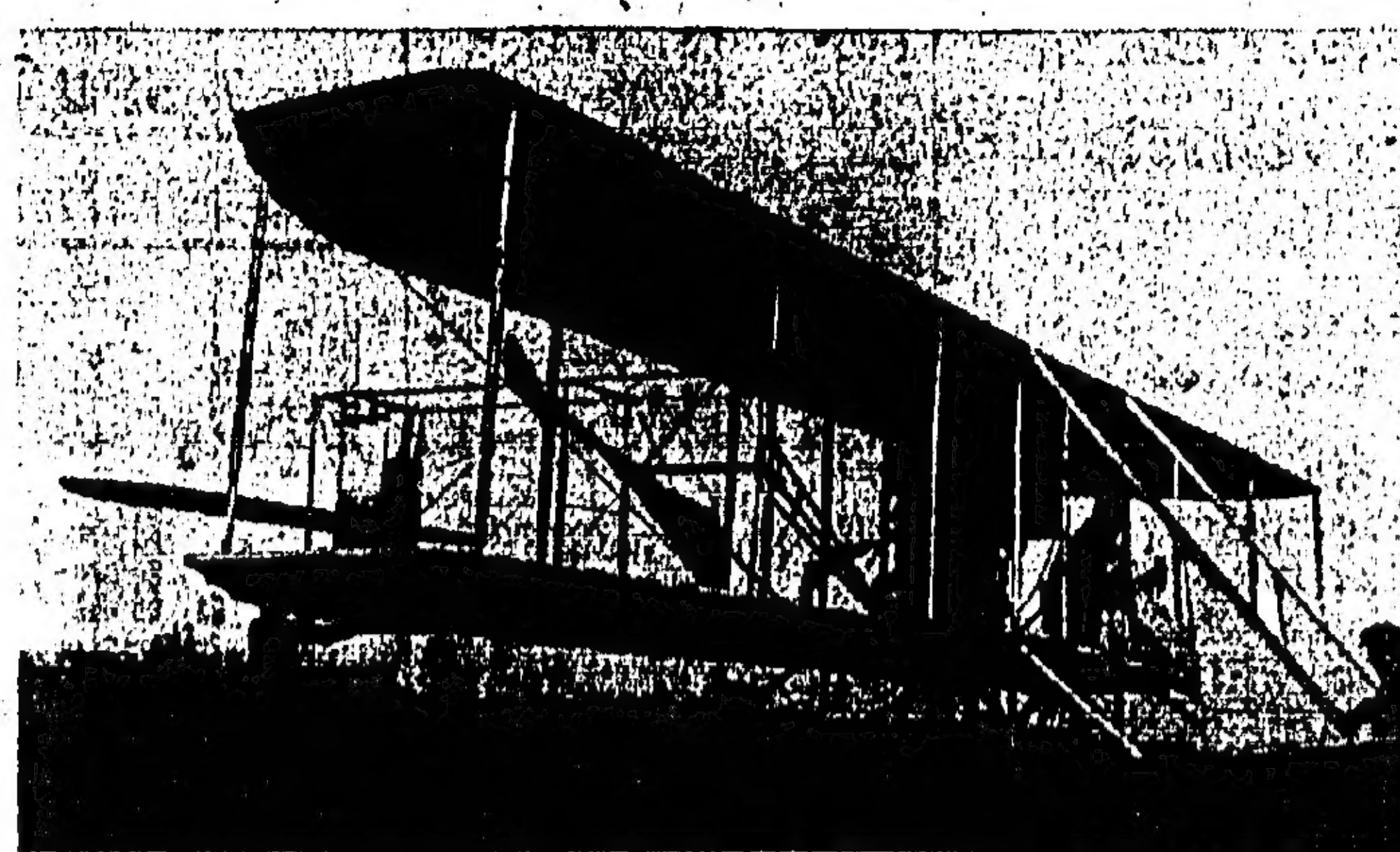
You turned the plane with a balancing rope that went over your shoulder—like a high-wire walker. And no parachutes, of course.

How many of today's test pilots would like to take up one of those planes?

The men were proud of them, though. C. P. Rodgers, flying the Vin Fiz, bragged that his propellers were covered with linen to make them extra strong.

Bob Fowler, piloting the Cole Flyer, shot back, "I have a rubber hood to protect my legs from the rushing air." The pilot sat out in the open in those days.

Each flyer planned to follow railroad tracks cross-country. Below, a special train carried spare parts, a machine shop



Fowler gets set for take-off after one of his many forced landings. Pulling the plane along railroad tracks was often the only method of raising it from the ground again.

and an auto to find him, after flight landings. Aboard the train was a man to drive the auto, a doctor, mechanics, and the flyer's family.

Each man's wife or mother cooked his meals in the Pullman kitchen.

ON SEPTEMBER 11, at 1.30, Fowler took off before a crowd of 10,000 in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco. "I plan to fly at a height of 800 feet and make 480 miles a day," he told them.

Another contestant, named Ward, took off on September 13 from Governors Island in New York harbor, wearing a football helmet and headed west.

But he got his railroad tracks mixed up. Although he flew 200 miles that day, he was only 22 miles from New York when he landed. He walked away from a crash just 300 miles from New York and quit the race.

Rodgers tried to get the Vin Fiz off at two o'clock on September 17. But he couldn't because of 2,000 paid admissions which swarmed over the Sheephead Bay race track and his aeroplane.

Finally after two hours of pleading and threats from the police, he started his engine, the crowd fled, and he became the first aeroplane to fly over Manhattan as he headed west.



Mrs. Mary Fowler wishes her son luck at the start of the race.

Coming down for his first stop, he boasted that he had flown 105 miles in 104 minutes. Next day on the take-off he clipped a tree and the plane plunged into a chicken coop. But he repaired his machine and flew on.

Meanwhile, after many wrecks, Fowler finally wrecked the Cole Flyer completely east of El Paso and quit.

RODGERS HAD so many wrecks that his plane had been rebuilt four times and there was virtually nothing left of the original one when he neared Pasadena, the end of the race.

He had been attacked by a giant eagle that for 20 miles kept diving at the plane, damaging the rudder wires. He lost 15 pounds. On November 3, at 4,000 feet, a cylinder exploded near the Salton Sea in California, filling his arm with steel splinters.

The plane sprung a radiator leak on the last lap; the magnets worked loose. Rodgers held it with one hand, and with his other and his knees, on November 5 at four o'clock, he spiraled down to the white sheet that marked the end of the journey.

He had made the United States air-conscious from coast to coast for the first time.

"Some day, if a way can be found to box the pilot in, I expect we'll fly 100 miles an hour," he said. And now, only 45 years later, man has flown 1,900 miles in an hour. We may just be able to take that trip to the moon yet.

—M. S. SHELTON

Once A Gold Mine Now A Ghost Town

HIDDEN behind a hill in central Arizona there's a little tumbled-down ghost town that played an important part in the state's early history. It was once the living mining town of Pauline Weaver (Pauline Weaver, as he was known), an early prospector and trail-blazer.

The ghost town lies on the east bank of Weaver Creek. Only one of its stone buildings remains standing. Looming high west of the creek stands Rich Hill, the famous mountain that gave birth to the little town.

One night, in 1882 Pauline Weaver and a party of prospectors pitched their camp near the post. During the night a donkey wandered away from their camp and went on a prospecting trip of its own. He was looking for something to eat.

Early the next morning one of the men went to find him. He trailed him to the top of the big mountain.

And there he found him nibbling wild grass in a patch of gold nuggets.

Excitement filled the camp and the men hurried to the top of the mountain. It is said that they eventually scratched out over a million dollars' worth of gold there with kitchen knives. They named the big mountain Rich Hill.

The news spread, other prospectors came and the town of Weaverville was built. Most of the houses and even burro corrals were built with cobblestones from the creek. There was a general store, a stage station, a dance hall and the usual trappings of a western mining town in the 1880's.

It is said that the little Wild West town was so located behind the hills that outlaws used to hide there and officers did not dare to go in after them.

But Weaverville had contributed greatly to the growth and progress of the Southwest, for people who found gold there moved to other localities and established businesses, schools and churches.

—Ida Smith

Christopher's New Song

—It Was All About A Pixie Race He Saw—

By MAX TRELL

CHRISTOPHER Cricket was sitting against the fence, strumming his guitar—he was the best guitar player in the neighborhood—when Knarf, the "Shadow" Boy with the turned-about name, came over. "Hello, Chris," said Knarf.

Chris stopped playing his guitar and nodded: "Hello, Knarf."

"I heard you singing a song just now," said Knarf. "What was the name of it? I've never heard you sing that song before."

A New Song

"No, you never heard that song before," agreed Christopher Cricket, "because I've never sung it before. I just made it up this morning. It's called, 'The Pixie Race'."

Knarf wanted to know more about this song. Christopher explained that he had visited the Pixies last night in O'Cheer Hall down at the Old Oak.

"They were holding a big race and I saw it. The song is all about it."

"What kind of a race was it?" Knarf asked, as he sat down beside Christopher.

"Well," said Christopher, "it was the strangest race that anyone ever saw. It was held under the light of the moon. The race started at the Old Oak and ended at the Huckleberry Bush on the other side of the Frog Pond."

"Were all the Pixies in it?" asked Knarf.

"Everyone of them was in it," nodded Christopher.

"Who won? Who ran the fastest?" asked Knarf.

A Riding Race

"Oh, just a minute!" said Christopher. "I should have told you. None of them did any running. It was a riding race."

"On horses?" asked Knarf.

Christopher Cricket shook his head. "Oh no, there weren't any horses to ride on."

"What did they use?" asked Knarf.

"That," said Christopher, "is what made it such a strange race. Pixie McSweeney rode on the back of a Snail. Pixie O'Scowl rode on an Ant. Pixie McMerri rode on a Caterpillar."

"I wish I could have seen them," said Knarf.

"You haven't heard it all yet," said Christopher Cricket.

Pixie McSweeney rode on a Grasshopper. Pixie McMerri—the cook—rode on a Doodlebug. And that left... Pixie O'Scowl. He decided he didn't want to be bothered riding at all. "Why not?" asked Knarf.

"He did indeed," said Christopher Cricket. "Are he really snails for the first time in a week."

Then Christopher Cricket started strumming his guitar again so he sang the song, entitled, "The Pixie Race."



THIS GRASS CERTAINLY HAS A MELLOW FLAVOR!

It is said that the little Wild West town was so located behind the hills that outlaws used to hide there and officers did not dare to go in after them.

But Weaverville had contributed greatly to the growth and progress of the Southwest, for people who found gold there moved to other localities and established businesses, schools and churches.

—Ida Smith

Today the little town lies abandoned. Wild grasses and alfalfa cover the ground, and strawberry-red cactus blossoms make gay splashes of colour against the grey rocks.

If you should talk with most any old-timer, he will tell you, "There's still a million dollars' worth of gold in that old mountain, but it'll take something a heap bigger than a kitchen knife to dig it out."

—Ida Smith

Make Your Own Modelling Clay

ONE of the oldest arts known to man is playing in clean mud. Clean mud is an earthy material which has a soapy feel. It is sticky and rolls the fingers. But when wet, it is easily moulded, and when baked it is permanently hard. This wonderful mud is commonly called clay.

The purest form of clay is white. But most native clay is coloured either brown, red, yellow, blue or grey, depending upon the type of other material found in it.

If you want to find native clay, find the mud near your home. The colour is not so important for your purpose, but the clay must be sticky and slippery when wet.

To prepare native clay for modelling, you must first break the clay into small pieces and allow it to dry thoroughly. Most clay is easy to reduce to powder or dust when it is thoroughly dry.

Put the dry clay into a sack or cloth bag. With a hammer or rolling pin pound or grind the clay to powder.

Next, stir the powdered clay through a small mesh sieve or wire screen. This will remove any foreign material such as grass, twigs, or gravel.

Fill a container half full of water. Sprinkle the sifted clay into the water until a small amount of clay rises to the surface. Skim off any foreign matter that rises.

Allow the clay mixture to soak for more than an hour. Then stir it.

This mixture is known as "slip." Pour the slip through a fine sieve two more times to be sure that only the fine clay is left in the slip.

Allow the slip to stand overnight. Siphon the clear water off. Pour the slip again through the sieve. Allow it to stand until clear water can again be siphoned off.

Any excess moisture will be absorbed when the thick slip is placed in a plaster bowl. This reduces the slip to clay, since plaster is a porous material and moisture is taken up quickly.

Knead the clay as you would knead dough. When it is the right consistency it will be moist and plastic enough to be

moulded into any desired form, or rolled into thin sheets for cutting.

When clay is not being used it should be kept in an earthenware jar with a tight cover, or kept in a plastic bag in an airtight tin.

NOW THAT the clay is ready to be used, you should keep in mind some guiding principles.

The clay is easily worked when it has the texture of putty.

Do simple objects before attempting difficult ones. Get the general shape desired and then add small details.

Cover the unfinished pieces with a damp cloth to keep them moist from day to day.

All joining pieces of clay must be wetted and worked together. The whole object must be moistened to mend a broken piece. Wet clay will not stick to dry clay.

Let the finished product dry slowly to keep it from cracking. Place it inside a jar or pan, or



A patient pet, this Norwegian elkhound sits for friends as they sculpt him with homemade clay.

it left out in the open, cover it with a wet cloth to prevent quick drying.

When the clay piece is thoroughly dry it may be smoothed with sandpaper or a rough cloth.

Unfired clay pieces may be finished with tempera paint and shellac, or enamel.

—Verna Zimmermann

Rupert and the Fiddle—45



"Hello Simon, so you're safe," Rupert called. "But Old King Cole, let you bring the fiddle away?"

"No, this is another one, an old one," says Simon, looking very happy, and the king says that it is a fiddle and get down at it. I can go and play at the Castle for the streets' university."



He plays every year so he can give each fiddle a fortnight's holiday in turn. He never realised that they needed holidays until you read him. "Oh, you are lucky," says Rupert. "No wonder you look so happy, with all these fiddles to play on."

"I wish I could have seen them," said Knarf.

"You haven't heard it all yet," said Christopher Cricket.

Pixie McSweeney rode on a Grasshopper. Pixie McMerri—the cook—rode on a Doodlebug. And that left... Pixie O'Scowl.

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Page 20 SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1957.

BEVAN DENIES BOMB SPLIT

Frank Questions Asked In TV Interview

London, Oct. 11. Mr Anourin Bevan, the Labour Party's chief Foreign Affairs spokesman, told a television interviewer tonight that there was "no fundamental difference" within the Labour Party over the hydrogen bomb.

"The difference in the party is not whether we like the bomb or not—we all hate the bomb," he said.

"The real difference is how to get rid of the bomb, and not only how to get rid of our bomb, but how to get rid of the American bomb, and the Russian bomb too."

The interviewer, Kenneth Harris, said that in the past many people had been under the impression that Mr Bevan was opposed to the manufacture of the bomb.

Primary Object

Mr Bevan replied: "Yes, what we have said is this: that we consider that our foreign policy should not fundamentally be based on the bomb, but that we should make the abolition of the bomb the primary object of our foreign policy."

That is why, at Brighton this year, and indeed in April of this year, the Labour Party decided that if we ever got into office we would suspend the test as a means of encouraging the others to suspend them too, and as a way of ending the deadlock which happened at the disarmament conference.

"We believe that we should set an example by unilateral action on our part but we did not consider that we should dismantle the whole of Britain's international arrangements overnight, without substituting something else for them," Mr Bevan said.

Mr Harris asked how Mr Bevan accounted for the fact that many of his admirers believed he had taken a different position on the question at the Brighton conference than he had in the past.

Misunderstand Me

Mr Bevan replied: "I am afraid they misunderstand the position. And I don't blame them because things happened very rapidly last week."

"No one, I think, could be expected to know, in advance, the implications of the resolution we were asked to pass, because the resolution had not been formed. And when they understood the implications of the resolution, very large numbers of them changed their minds."

Mr Bevan explained that the resolution of the 11-bomb was tabled only three days before it was discussed.

Of Russian foreign policy, Mr Bevan said the Soviet leaders appeared far more self-confident now than before.

He thought this was "an excellent thing" because self-confident people were less inclined to "hedge and bluff."

He said Mr Khrushchev's main worry was that, unless present quarrels and disagreements were settled peacefully, then any one of them might ignite a general conflagration.

The Russian leaders believed that certain recent events gave rise to a great deal of anxiety. They believed, for instance, that the Eisenhower Doctrine for the Middle East might "spell some incident which would set things off."

He added: "But I did get from Mr Khrushchev a belief that he very sincerely desired to get on better terms with the United States."—Reuter.

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SECOND BEST FOR THE QUEEN?

Saudi Prince In Top Waldorf Suite

New York, Oct. 11. The Queen and Prince Philip will not after all be able to occupy the presidential suite at the Waldorf-Astoria hotel when they visit New York on October 21.

The United States State Department had asked the Waldorf to reserve its most palatial quarters, but it was discovered that the \$150-(\$53)-a-day Presidential Suite was already booked beyond that date by Crown Prince Faisal of Saudi Arabia.

For their few hours at the hotel, the Queen and Prince Philip will now occupy suite 28A, which, the management says, "is comparable with the presidential suite, very beautiful, very elegant, and has been used by many distinguished guests, including royalty."

Windsors Stayed There

The New York evening newspaper, Journal American, said today that suite 28A was occupied by the Duke and Duchess of Windsor when they were in New York. The paper referred to "a royal traffic jam in the corridors of the stately Waldorf Towers," and said: "The resultant headache had eluded at the heart of American commentators, from hazy hotel executives to the protocol experts of the State Department in Washington."

The Waldorf's management declined to disclose the number of the suite used by the Windsors. Crown Prince Faisal is still in hospital recovering from an operation, but according to the Journal American, a spokesman for the Prince and his entourage said: "We have no intention of moving."

But the Waldorf management insists that there was never a "protocol problem."

So Did Churchill

"It is all a myth," said a spokesman. "Someone has got hold of part of the story and misinterpreted the rest." "We have made it quite clear all along that the Queen would not necessarily be put in the Presidential Suite." A plaque in suite 28A has the name of Sir Winston Churchill, former Prime Minister, among those who have stayed there.—Reuter.

COMMUNISTS YIELD IN SAN MARINO

To Co-operate With New Govt

San Marino, Oct. 11. The Socialist-Communist government announced today that it will co-operate with the "new" anti-Communist government in maintaining order in San Marino.

The Socialist-Communist Government announcement said it was "aiming to force" it. It said it would not oppose the entry of the anti-Communist gendarmes into the republic, and had ordered the disbanding of its own volunteer militia. Socialist-Communist Interior Minister, Domenico Morganti, said however that his Government had not turned over its powers to the anti-Communist Government, composed of Christian Democrats and Social Democrats.

He said that no agreement had been reached during a meeting between representatives of the "two governments" this morning.

Socialist-Communist spokesmen maintained however that they had not capitulated in the political field, and considered that they still constituted the legal government of the republic.

They simply recognised the "position of strength" of the anti-Communist Government, and the need to maintain order, they said.—France-Press.

The first detachment of the anti-Communist gendarmes was expected to enter San Marino today.

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Tragic Death Of Indian Boy At Cambridge

London, Oct. 11. A young Indian freshman, David Ronojit Vasnaik, 20, of Christ's College, Cambridge, was stated by his senior tutor at the Cambridge inquest today to have said that he felt out of place and wanted to go away.

Vasnaik was found dead in his gas-filled college room on Tuesday. A verdict of suicide while the balance of his mind was disturbed was recorded at a coroner's court today.

Dr Lucan Pratt, Fellow and senior tutor of Christ's College, said he had interviewed Vasnaik on Monday morning. "I asked him if he felt gloomy and he said he was not feeling gloomy but he did not wish to remain in residence in the college. He repeated over and over again that he felt out of place and wanted to go away."

Mrs Lelia Trinder, of Rivermead Court, London, S.W., said Vasnaik was her nephew. His father, formerly of the High Commissioner's office in London, was now Postmaster-General in the Punjab.

Born In Burma

Her nephew had gone to Cambridge as a freshman on October 5.

"He was born in Burma, but was an Indian subject. He had had all his education in England. He liked England and was more like an English boy than an Indian boy."

Recently, he received a set of college rules and regulations and these had upset him. He had exclaimed: "Good God, am I going to prison?"

Mrs. Trinder said that Vasnaik was very ambitious.

U.S. FIRES GUIDED MISSILE

Cape Canaveral, Oct. 11.

A guided missile soared off its launching pad here shortly before noon today and headed out over the Atlantic tracking range.

The missile was believed to be the Thor, the Air Force's intermediate range rocket.

The Thor has been fired successfully here before in the past month. It competes with the Army's Jupiter missile which was launched successfully several months before the Thor.

Witnesses said the sleek projectile swooshed up rapidly from its launching tower, rose to a height of several miles and turned southeast over the Atlantic.

As usual, the Air Force would not disclose the type of missile or details of the firing.

Meanwhile, observers said preparations continued on the Vanguard rocket which is scheduled to fire the U.S. satellite into outer space within the next few months.—United Press.

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REDIFFUSION

11 a.m. Morning Medley: 11.30. "The Cruel Sea"—Dramatisation of Nicholas Monsarrat's best-selling novel, narrated by the author. 12 Noon. Tune Time: 12.30 p.m. Three Men on a Horse—Bill Haley, Noel Grey and Sammy Davis Jr.: 1. Key-board Capers—Oscar Peterson: 1.15. Weather Report, News and Special Announcements: 1.30. George Melachrino and his Orchestra: 2. Saturday Requests: 3. Year By Year—The songs hit 1957: 3.30. "In 100 Steps"—The Story of Henry Maxwell: 4. Western Half Hour—Presented by Nick Kendall: 4.30. Rhythm Parade: Music By Roth—The Allen Rahn Orchestra, Strings and Chorus, with Guest Stars Eddie Fisher and Gloria De Haven: 5. Birthday Mailbox: 6.22. Football Commentary—Hampden v. All Hongkong: 6.40. Melody Magazine: 7.30. A. A. Milne: 7.55. News Report, Announcements and Interlude: 8.15. Strange Tales of Eastern Europe: 8.30. Voice of Sport: 9. Evening Hit Parade: 9.30. Music From Maxim's: 10. Hollywood Open House—Starring John Carradine and Edith Fellows: 10.30. Western Nightclub: 11. Dance Party: 12 Midnight. God Save The Queen: Close Down.

TELEVISION

2 p.m. "O.D. Cricket Club": 3. Cantonese Film—"Human Desire": 4.30. "Mr District Attorney," starring David Brian: 5. Children's Hour: 5.15. "Mr Field" (Children Songs): 5.30. Children's Film: 6. Close Down: 7.30. A. A. Milne: 7.55. News Report, Announcements and Interlude: 8.15. Strange Tales of Eastern Europe: 8.30. Voice of Sport: 9. Evening Hit Parade: 9.30. Music From Maxim's: 10. Hollywood Open House—Starring John Carradine and Edith Fellows: 10.30. Western Nightclub: 11. Dance Party: 12 Midnight. God Save The Queen: Close Down.

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NAMESAKES

Aravours:—1. Fantasio, 2. Charles, 3. France, 4. Door, 5. Audience, 6. Adventures, 7. Comedies, 8. Scene, 9. Humour, 10. Louis, 11. Squire, 12. Stage, 13. Laughter, 14. Poetry, Alfred De Musset (French dramatist).

PASSENGER SAILINGS FROM HONG KONG TO THE UNITED KINGDOM

	Leaving Hankow	Arriving London
R.M.S. "CARTHAGE"	24th Oct.	24th Nov.
R.M.S. "CHUSAN"	3rd Nov.	30th Nov.
R.M.S. "CANTON"	22nd Nov.	23rd Dec.
R.M.S. "CORFU"	18th Dec.	19th Jan.

(Sailings and dates subject to alternation, with or without notice)

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CHINA MAIL
PUBLISHED DAILY (AFTERNOON)
Price, 20 cents per copy, Saturdays 30 cents.
Subscription: \$30.00 per month.
Postage: China and Macao \$3.00 per month. U.S. and other countries \$7.00 per month.
News contributions, always welcome, should be addressed to the Editor, business communications and advertisements to the Secretary.
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NOTICE TO CONSIGNEES

Consignees per CIE DES MESSAGERIES MARITIMES, S.A. "PELI 110"

are hereby notified that their cargo will be discharged into the Hong Kong & Kowloon Wharf & Godown Co., Ltd.'s godown where it will be at consignees' risk and subject to the wharf's terms and conditions of storage and where delivery may be obtained.

Damaged packages are to be left in the godown for examination by consignees and the company's surveyors, Messrs Goddard & Douglas at 10 a.m. on Monday, 14th October, 1957.

No claims will be admitted after the goods have left the godown and all goods remaining undelivered after the 15th October, 1957, will be subject to sale.

All claims against the vessel must be presented to the undersigned on or before the 14th November, 1957, or they may not be recognised.

No Fire Insurance will be effected. CIE DES MESSAGERIES MARITIMES

Hong Kong, 12th October, 1957.

NOTICE TO CONSIGNEES

"CALCHAS"

Damaged cargo on this vessel will be surveyed by Messrs. Goddard & Douglas at 10 a.m. on Monday, 14th October, 1957, and consignees are requested to have their representatives present during the survey.

BUTTERFIELD & SWIRE, Agents.
Hong Kong, October 12, 1957.

SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith



"It's almost dinnertime, Mom, and still you haven't chased me upstairs to get washed—are you getting careless?"

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